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CHRISTMAS.

ALTHOUGH the office of a journalist is by no means of so revered or dignified a character as that of a pastor, it does not follow that he is to be without those higher considerations which properly belong to the season of Christmas. It is good for all of us to withdraw occasionally from the bustle and strife of politics and literature, and to view ourselves in our religious and domestic relations, apart from ambition and animosity. Christmas is pre-eminently a fit time for this—when the whole Christian world commemorates the greatest event in the history of mankind, and commemorates it not with solemnity only, but with the joy and the gaiety which are as essential parts of man's nature as the more serious elements of worship and fear. There are other periods in the Christian year when these last qualities find their due expression; but Christmas is devoted to the joyous side of our religious nature. It is a time when what is most human in our humanity is appealed to and awakened. In all periods something festal has mingled with the worship of mankind:—the connection in the ancient world between the drama and the national

religion, or the public games and the same, testifies that it is rooted in our nature, and under our own higher development the same connection has manifested itself. We derive the custom of making Christmas a time of cheerful recreation from the most distant periods of the Middle Ages. The clergy then made it their office to take the whole of man's nature into their regulation, and to enlist all his tastes and powers in the service of his religion. It has been no little loss to Europe that the too severe shape which the Reformation assumed, in some of its developments, has diminished the public stock of harmless gaiety. In Scotland, it went so far as to destroy the Christmas Festival altogether; but the Church of England has been ever more wide and comprehensive, and has retained more of the mediæval humanity; and hence England still celebrates the birth of Christ, not only as a fact which it worships, but as a fact at which it is glad; and expresses the last sentiment by making the season one of mingled gratitude and gaiety. May it long retain that most ancient, most generous, and most beneficial character!

For we must ever bear in mind, that the real felicity of a country

depends—much, indeed, on its political, but much more on its private and social institutions. Monarchies and aristocracies, democratic checks on power, &c., we possess in common with all countries, old and new. The old heathen peoples had all these in common with us. But it is to our Christianity, existing as an inner life among modern peoples—not lost in Russia, though a despotism; permeating America, the Republic; present in the subjects of a hierarchy, and among the simple pastors of Geneva—that we owe ten million times what we owe to our forms of government. It makes charity a duty—it consecrates and directs our natural affections—it binds men together by subtler and stronger bonds than citizenship can create. Take away from England its moral influence, and you leave—not a human society, but a kind of ant's nest. Some modern philosophers have argued as if selfishness and mere prudential activity could keep society together without it; but the prosperity which they respected had been evoked out of a chaos of barbarism under the protection of the influences which they ignored. Whenever their doctrines have been really acted on, we have seen societies in a state of suppressed



GRANDPAPA AND GRANDMAMMA WELCOMED BY THE YOUNGER BRANCHES.—DESIGNED BY PHIZ.

The War.

THE WAR IN ASIA.
THE FALL OF KARS.

As stated in our last week's impression, Kars has, at length, been added to capitulation. Finding himself reduced by famine to the last extremity, and having no prospect of relief, the Turkish Commander of Kars found it impossible to protect the siege any longer. Although over-coming at last, the brave garrison of Kars has yielded to necessity, without, however, losing any of its laurels. The proverbial endurance of the Turkish soldiers has been fully maintained, and their reputation remains unimpaired. The news was brought by the Hungarian General Kmety, who, with another officer, has ended the Russian cordon and escaped.

The siege of Kars will always be a bright episode in the history of the war. The city, fortified and garrisoned by the relics of a beaten army, but aided by valiant and kind officers, Kars has sustained a blockade of six months and repulsed two assaults. The services of General Williams, Lieutenant Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, Captain Thompson, Mr. Churchill, and Dr. Snowdon will not be forgotten.

Famine did the work in which Russian bayonets failed. For nearly a month the garrison had been in dire distress, and for some days absolute starvation prevailed. The country round was held by Russian detachments. A strong force was on the ridge of the Soghany mountains, ready to oppose the march of a relieving army. The few stragglers who fled from the invested city were, for the most part, cut off by the enemy's cavalry.

THE POSITION OF TURKISH AND RUSSIAN FORCES.

The first reflection that presents itself is as to what has become of the relieving army under the greatest Ottoman general. What has been the result of the operations which were to cause the retreat of the Russian army? We are informed that Omar Pacha is still at Sagdidi, on the Ingour, within a short distance of the spot where the conflict of the 6th of November took place. Whether the Ottoman general would advance during the present season was doubtful; the impression, however, was, that for the next four months there would be no movement; and that the Turks, like their allies, would fix their attention on preparing for passing the winter in safety. The Russians, on the other hand, hold the fords of the Tautz-Kaleh, across which river runs the road to Kutais. They are said, also, to be busy on the fortifications of the town itself, and determined to contest to the utmost the pressure of the Elton or Phasis, which is the next stream that breaks the path of an invading force. It appears that a body of light Ottoman troops has pushed on into the interior, and there are some speculations of an advance on Kutais; but, viewing the operations as a whole, there seems not much hope of any immediate success. Omar Pacha is said to purpose changing his base of operations to Redout-Kaleh, lower down the coast. This town is now occupied by the Turks, but is watched, if not blockaded, by a small Russian force. Its deliverance may probably be effected with little difficulty, and the Moslem will then be content with preparing for the campaign of the coming spring.

GENERAL WILLIAMS AND THE GARRISON PRISONERS.

The statement appears perfectly correct that General Kmety, the commander of Kars, had, with another officer, effected his escape through the Russian outposts, to Erzeroum, and that thence intelligence had been received from him. General Kmety states that, before he left, General Williams despatched a flag of truce to General Mouraviev, offering capitulation.

That the brave Williams and his noble comrades are prisoners there can now be no doubt. If terms of capitulation could not be agreed upon, General Williams's only alternative was to attempt to cut his way through the Russian force, and risk the extermination of his troops. Deaten by disease and fatigue, their food and ammunition at an end, relief hopeless, the men who have made the name of Kars illustrious, could, by no human means, longer defend the place for which they have sacrificed so much.

The following telegraphic dispatch from Hamburg contains the said intelligence given above:—

Hamburg, Sunday, Dec. 16.

"Advices from St. Petersburg, dated yesterday, the 15th inst., state that Kars surrendered to General Mouraviev on the 28th November."

"Vasif Pacha, eight other Pachas, General Williams, and the whole of the garrison are prisoners of war."

OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

THE WINTER COME.

Nov. 27.—For a change we had a frost last night, and this morning a slow, regular snow-fall.

MUD EVERYWHERE.

Nov. 30. We are all ankle deep in mud. No, that would be nothing. It would be no great matter of complaint or grievance if we had to deal with the ordinary material, so familiar to all Londoners after a few wet days, ere the scavengers remove the formidable soft parapets which line the kerbstones. Literally and truly it is like glue half-boiled and spread over the face of the earth for the depth of several feet. It is no joke for a soldier to see his sleeping place, in hut or tent, covered with this nasty slime; but they cannot be kept clean. One step outside and you are done for. The mud is lying in wait for you, and you just carry back as much on your feet as if you walked a mile. Carts stick immovably in the ground, or the wheels and axles fly into pieces from the strain of the horses and mules, which have led a wretched existence indeed ever since this weather began.

THE FRAIL CHARACTER OF THE HUTS.

The new huts are much complained of, and it is said they are frail, ill-made, full of chinks and knots, which drop out, and leave inimical little embrasures for the wind to shoot through. During a moderately strong breeze of wind, a short time ago, the roof of one of the hospital huts at the Monastery went off on a mission of its own, and left the poor inmates shivering in the cold till they were removed to another building. The hut in question, however, was built before the new huts came.

THE "RACES."

Dec. 3.—The spot where the races took place to-day was in a valley between the French head-quarters and the Monastery, about two miles from the sea-shore, and the distance from camp was too great to permit the attendance of many of the soldiers—a circumstance which General Codrington regretted, as the cheering effects of such assemblages among English soldiers are undoubted; but no other piece of ground equally good and large enough for the purpose was available within easy reach of the camps. The races were well attended. Marshal Pelissier drove over in an open carriage, preceded by a solitary Spahi (who seems the last of the bright-eyed, wild-looking, and picturesque warriors who formed St. Arnaud's escort), and followed by a body guard of regular cavalry. Several of his staff and a large number of French officers were also present, and seemed to take a lively interest in the races. General della Marmora, and many Sardinian officers, paid us the compliment of coming over from the neighbourhood of Tchorgoum, and Sir William Codrington, attended by a single orderly, rode across from the English head-quarters, and remained on the ground till the principal races were over. The divisional generals, brigadiers, colonels, and staff officers were plentiful as blackberries; and though the only representative of the fair sex was Mrs. Seacole, who presided over a sorely invested tent full of creature comforts, the course had a very animated appearance, owing to the number and variety of uniforms, and at the same time, the domestic character of the scene was preserved by the efforts of a band of Ethiopian serenaders, furnished by amateurs from the Guards, who favoured us with abundance of the peculiar vocal and instrumental music in vogue among that interesting race. The course was over two miles and three-quarters long, and abounded with famous "obstacles," in the shape of hanks and stone walls close on four feet high, hurdles, and a brook twelve feet wide.

THE IMMENSE WASTE OF PROPERTY.

It is generally believed that for three feet deep the whole of the quay of Balacava, near the Commissariat landing-place, is a concrete of barley and corn. The sacks are often badly tilted or rotten and full of holes. It is no uncommon thing to see a Croat or Turkish labourer waddling slowly along with a sack on his back from which the corn is descending in streams

against the back of his legs, till he arrives from the ship at the store, and then to behold him discharging the collapsed bag on the heap with the greatest gravity and satisfaction at his success in diminishing his load at every step. In the various Divisional Commissariat depôts there is also an enormous loss of grain from similar causes, and from shifting the sacks and the distribution of the rations. But it seems to be impossible to prevent these losses, which are regarded as incidental to a state of war.

Dec. 8.—A dreadful gale passed over us last night. Many huts and tents were blown down all over the camp.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE ARMY—ITS CAUSE.

The Sotralia in which the army seems to have indulged while the expedition was at Kinburna have terminated, and wise, judicious, and feeling measures have been taken by the Commander-in-Chief to prevent their recurrence by pointing out to the soldiers the mischief they do themselves, their families, their comrades, the army, and the country by such excesses. The fact is, that Major Powys has pointed out some of the main causes of the evil in his letter, and those causes will be removed in a great measure by the orders which General Codrington has issued respecting the transmission of soldiers' money to home. There will be drunken soldiers ever, just as there are drunken cobblers and drunken gentlemen, but the men had more money than they knew what to do with; they could not get rid of it in any way but by drinking it or throwing it away, and some of them selected the former plan, while many more escaped the alternative by wisely keeping it. The other day a man came to me and begged of me to take care of 30 sovereigns for him, as "he did not know what to do with it till he could get leave to purchase his discharge, and it was not safe to carry it about with him." Would it not be practicable to establish ambulatory regimental savings-banks in the field at trifling trouble and small expense?

MUTINY OF BASHI-BAZOUKS.

The following particulars respecting a recent mutiny of Bashi-Bazouks are extracted from a letter dated Smyrna, Dec. 1st:—

"A tragical scene took place yesterday morning on board the Tancrède steam-packet, at the moment when she arrived from Syria. On her leaving Jaffa, the English agent had embarked on board of her 105 Bashi-Bazouks belonging to the English contingent. As these men were proceeding to their destination without any officers, and had received five months pay, or 400*l.*, in advance, they thought the best plan to adopt was to desert, and then re-enlist with some other agent, and he paid over again. At Tripoli and at Alexandria, they endeavoured to obtain to deceive the vigilance of the captain, and they therefore plotted together to force their way from the vessel in a body, when they reached Smyrna. When they attempted to carry their intention into effect, the captain of the Tancrède armed his crew, and, notwithstanding their numerical inferiority, they bravely opposed the efforts of the Bashi-Bazouks. But 13 men could not long resist 105 of these bandits, who had armed themselves with handspikes and other formidable weapons. Signal was then made to the Oliver frigate, and Captain Lamotte sent a body of men under the command of two officers. The Tancrède was boarded, and some of the Bashi-Bazouks jumped overboard, and others took refuge in the hold. They were disarmed, but not without resistance, and some blood was shed. The ringleader of the revolt, a tall negro, who had assassinated three persons before he left Jaffa, was severely wounded, as were 14 others. Ten of those who had jumped overboard were picked up by the boats of the Oliver, and, with the others, making 89 in number, were delivered over to the Turkish authorities. The wounded were removed to the civil hospital."

DISGRACEFUL STATE OF TURKISH PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

THE well-known S. G. Osborne, who has recently returned from a visit to the East, and whose letters on Social Questions, were years ago read with interest by all classes of the community, has published in the "Times," the following graphic account of the prisons and prisoners at Stambul, under English protection. We trust that the publicity thus given to these "awful horrors" may lead the nations now in alliance to use their influence with the Sultan to obtain some, if the least, approach to humanity in the treatment of these prisoners. Mr. Osborne says:—

"After a brief conversation at the entrance of the gaol between Mr. S. and some of the authorities, we walked through a small courtyard to a strongly-built building, through which we could see a crowd of the prisoners. In a recess on one side of this was a kind of office, in which sat one or two of the prison officers. Our object having been explained to them, after a short delay we were allowed to enter. We stood at once in a confined open space, so crowded with prisoners as to make a passage through them appear at first scarcely practicable. They were clad in every variety of Eastern costume, in every conceivable degree of dirt and decay; they were evidently of many nations, and I could not tell them have conceived it possible to present to the eye in so small a space such a congregation of human beings so possessed of every feature belokening the depth of all vice and degradation."

After giving an account of his visit to different parts of the gaol, Mr. Osborne continues:—

"Having retraced our steps to the courtyard, we there stood a few minutes to regard more closely its occupants. They were defined to us as murderers, pirates, and bandits, a very large proportion of smugglers; thieves and criminals of all degrees made up the rest. Many of their dresses were most picturesque, very many were scarcely clothed at all; there was every shade of complexion, from the dark Nubian to the pale Greek."

Leaving these, who were in some sort enjoying light and air, we ascended a broad, extremely filthy ladder staircase, in which occasionally there was such a space from some of the rungs being missing that I required help to get up. This led us to a passage, nearly dark, out of which opened certain wards or rooms, barely lighted by small, stoutly-barred, unglazed windows. The description given of the latrine at Scutari, by my friend Stafford, would not do justice to the filth of the passage and floors of these rooms; they were positively slopping with the worst of filth; the said rooms were jammed full of human life. Squatting against the walls and extended in every posture on the floor, were prisoners of all ages, of all dyes of crime, many heavily ironed. I defy any pen to describe the infamous horrors of this scene. Call Howard from the grave and give to him the graphic power of our friend Russell, he could but give a faint sketch of the condition of the prisoners in these lofts. If it were possible to conceive human nature as it is in the East drained to its lowest and vilest dregs, and this refuse compressed into a space in which it was lifeless would be the one palliation of the horror of the spectacle, that would approach the reality of the scene; but the moving of the mass told its life and divulged its true horror to your every sense."

"I saw no difference in this part of the prison between one ward and another. There is no classification among the convicted; let the crime be great or small, thus, and thus indiscriminately, are they heaped together."

"Retracing our steps, we again forced a passage through the courtyard, and were taken up some foul staircases to a passage at the sides of which were certain cells. Some of these were opened, and in them, close packed, were groups of prisoners awaiting their trial. If convicted, I was told, they would have to join the herd we had just left."

"It needed but one other and yet a more extraordinary exhibition to make the picture complete. It appears that the Turkish authorities do not like their prisoners to die in the gaol: when dying they are moved to a hospital some few miles distant. Two men were at this time dying. Some soldiers brought to the gate two of the horses which stand for hire in the street. A prisoner in an advanced stage of cholera was brought down and helped up upon the saddle of one of these horses. He was very pale, barely clad, and evidently in great pain; his feet were placed in the stirrups, and he held himself on with one hand grasping the pommel of the saddle, while the other was pressed to his stomach; to all appearance his hours of life were few; they led the horse away to make room for the other poor wretch. This man's dress and appearance bespoke his life's career to have been that of a brigand. With help he also mounted the saddle; once in it, a change seemed to come over him; dying as he was, he grasped the reins and threw himself into a position that was perfectly beautiful; you saw the perfect perfection of 'seat.' It was the brigand of the skilful painter realised. Dying, he snatched at bygone life, and for the moment caught it. His countenance lit up, and there was something almost sublime in this struggle of the once free, strong nature with the pressure of death. They were at once led away; we were told they frequently died on the way to their destination. I could have almost wished these poor creatures had then and there died; the one would have been released from agony, the other would have gone in a moment of triumph over it."

TODTLEREN IN ST. PETERSBURG.—On the 4th inst., all the avenues leading to the Winter Palace were crowded with carriages, as there was a presentation of high dignities, both military and civilian, as well as of ladies, to the Dowager Queen of the Netherlands. It could not but be expected that the presence at St. Petersburg of General Todtleben, would not pass without some manifestation in his honour. At the moment of his arrival he was met at the railway station by a great number of friends, who received him with enthusiastic acclamations, in which many strangers joined. The superior School of Engineers, where the General was educated, could not fail to pay honour to its most distinguished scholar. A grand dinner was given at it, in honour of the general. The Grand Duke Nicholas, in his capacity as Inspector-General of Engineers, honoured the dinner by his presence, at which were present all the generals and officers who took part in the defence of Sebastopol, and who are here at this moment, as well as the former scholars of that establishment. The various clubs likewise prepared banquets in honour of General Todtleben.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND MR. STAFFORD, M.P.

In the month of September last an address was presented by the officers and sub-officers of a French detachment, on its way to the Dardanelles, to Mr. Augustus Stafford (M.P. for Northamptonshire), for the services rendered by that gentleman to the soldiers attacked by cholera on board ship. Mr. Stafford being on his return to England, and the French Emperor, who had been made acquainted with all the particulars, learning that he was in Paris, addressed to him the following letter:—

"December 12.

"Sir,—I have read with the most lively interest the details that you have been kind enough to communicate to me on the transport of a certain portion of the French troops from Marseilles to the Dardanelles on board the English vessel *Etna*. They testify the most enlightened solicitude on your part, and I thank you for it. But your incessant care for our soldiers, attacked as they were by cholera, during the whole of the passage, your self-denial, your courage, the perilous forgetfulness of yourself in presence of the epidemic—everything in your conduct, presents a rare example of devotedness to your fellow-creatures. Already you have obtained the most pleasing recompense in those letters in which the officers and soldiers of the different corps express to you their admiration and their gratitude. And I am happy to add to it the expression of my own gratitude, and of my sentiments of high esteem for you.

(Signed)

"NAPOLEON."

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT RUGELEY.

AN inquest, extending over Wednesday, Friday, and this day week, was held at Rugeley, on the body of a gentleman, named John Parsons Cook, who died suddenly early on the morning of the 21st ult. Mr. Cook, who had resided at Lutterworth, was a racing and betting man, and the owner of the horse Polestar. This horse he had entered for two of the stakes at the late Shrewsbury races, on the 13th and 14th of November, when the horse won. While at Shrewsbury, after the race, Mr. Cook was taken suddenly ill. He was subsequently removed to Rugeley, where he had been staying before the races, and where he died in five days after his return. A post mortem examination of the body was made on the 26th of November, by direction of Mr. Stephens, of London, the stipendiary of the deceased, the stomach and intestines being sent to Dr. Taylor, Professor of Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at Guy's Hospital, London, at the same time, for analysis.

At the adjourned inquiry which took place this day week, several witnesses (many of whom were connected with the turf) were examined, and corroborated the evidence previously given, implicating a Mr. W. Palmer, surgeon, of Rugeley.

Mr. G. Herring, of Albert Terrace, Hatton Park, Surrey, said—"I knew the deceased very well. I was with him at Shrewsbury races. I met him there. I saw Mr. Palmer with Mr. Cook a great part of the time. On the 14th, Wednesday morning, I was taken very unwell with diarrhoea and violent pains in the stomach. Other persons in the town were similarly affected. They were all strangers, connected with the turf. Mr. Palmer had not been one of our party before I was taken ill. The illness was on the same day that Mr. Cook was taken ill. I saw Mr. Cook during the day, and observed that he had a great deal of money in notes. I should not be surprised if they exceeded £1,000. This was on the same day he was taken ill. He had received a large quantity of money that morning, and was arranging it. On Thursday morning, the 15th, Mr. Cook came to my room while we were waiting for breakfast. He drew me to the window, and began speaking to me about money and racing matters. During the conversation the name of Mr. Palmer was mentioned, but I cannot recollect by which of us." I remarked "How about that brandy and water you had?" and he replied, "I believe, 'Oh, that villain (or some other strong expression) did me.' From the previous conversation I remarked, 'You mean Palmer,' and he said 'Yes.' I had some bets with Palmer, but not then, and have both won and lost. I have a bet against him now for next year. I have laid him £25,000 to £100 against Danube for the next year's Derby. I then remarked, 'It's a very curious thing to accuse a gentleman of such a thing; what could be his motive?' and he replied, in a sorrowful tone, 'You don't know all.' He then continued conversation about racing matters, and I interrupted him by saying, 'Good God, if you suspect this man of such a thing, how can you go back and breakfast with him?' He again replied in an absent manner, and walking towards the door, said, 'Ah! you don't know all.' I cannot remember that he said he had any bets on then with Mr. Palmer. I saw Mr. Palmer again on the Monday following, at 8, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, in compliance with a letter which I received the same morning from him. I inquired of him how Mr. Cook was, when he said, 'Oh, he is all right; the physician has given him some calomel, and recommended him not to come out, being a damp day,' and added, 'What I want to see you about is settling his account,' holding out half a sheet of note-paper. I rose slightly to take it, when he said, 'You had better take it down,' tearing some letter paper, and pushing it towards me at the time, with pen and ink, and saying, 'What I have here will be a check against you.'

The chambermaid who attended Mr. Cook at the Talbot Arms, Rugeley, stated that during Mr. Cook's illness she noticed a small book on the looking-glass. The book had a clasp on it. It had since been looked for, but could not be found. Soon after Mr. Cook was dead—she should say in about ten minutes—Mr. Jones, the surgeon, came out of the room and requested her to go in. She did so, and found Mr. Palmer there. He was searching the pockets of a coat, which she imagined to be Mr. Cook's, and also looked under the pillows and bolster. On Sunday, before Mr. Cook's death, some broth was brought from Mr. Palmer's, and she tasted it, and it seemed very good. On Monday night Mr. Palmer, as Mr. Cook had told her, brought some jelly with him from London.

One witness, a druggist, of Stafford, stated that a short time ago Mr. Palmer called at his shop, and asked what was the usual dose of prussic acid to kill a dog; and another, a horse trainer, showed the connection between the deceased and Mr. Palmer in betting matters.

On the completion of the evidence, the jury declared their finding to be that "The deceased died of poison, wilfully administered to him by William Palmer."

The coroner immediately made out his warrant for the committal of Mr. Palmer to the county gaol at Stafford, for trial at the March assizes, for the wilful murder of Mr. Cook.

CROSSING CHEQUES.—The "Economist" suggests that, if more security be required than the present practice of crossing cheques affords, it is easily obtained, and now at a mere nominal cost, by drawing a cheque to order in the form of a bill of exchange requiring endorsement. Bills on demand require now only a stamp of one penny for any amount, and there can therefore be neither difficulty nor hardship in adopting this more secure mode when greater safety is required. The trading community have an easy and cheap remedy in their own hands, without going to the Government, as has been recommended.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE EAST.—It will be remembered that, in the letter addressed by the Emperor to Marshal Pelissier, congratulating him on the victory of Traktir, his Majesty announced the resolution of causing the regiments of the army of the East to be relieved in succession by fresh regiments sent from France. The execution of this measure has already commenced. Two fresh divisions, one under the orders of General de Chasseloup-Laubat, the other consisting of the Jamin and Labadie brigades, left Marseilles some weeks ago, and have already arrived in the Crimea. On the other hand, two divisions from the Crimea, one formed of the Imperial Guard, the other consisting of the 20th, 39th, 50th, and 97th regiments of the line, have returned to France.

NAPOLEON III. AND A GRENADIER.—During the residence of the Emperor at St. Cloud in October last, his Majesty received a petition, which was handed him by a grenadier of his guard on duty at the palace. Early on the following morning, a person having on a light summer coat, without a hat, waistcoat, or cravat, entered the guard-house, and glancing round at the soldiers who were there, said to the grenadier above named "It was you who yesterday handed me a petition." The soldier then recognised the Emperor, who spoke to him with the greatest kindness. The petition was from the mother of the grenadier, herself the daughter of an old soldier, and who had lost another son in the Crimea. After minutely inquiring into the situation of the family, the Emperor retired. Two days after, the major of the regiment sent for the soldier, and told him he had been ordered by the Emperor to give him leave of absence to go and inform his mother that she had been nominated to a tobacco shop in a commune near St. Cloud. (The value of such a privilege is generally estimated at from 1,000*l.* to 1,200*l.* a year.)



CHRISTMAS CHARITY—INTERIOR OF AN HOSPITAL IN THE EAST.—(DESIGNED BY H. J. TOWNSEND.)



EXTRACTS FROM VOLS. III. AND IV.
WILLIAM OF ORANGE BETWEEN TWO STOO

It is remarkable that none of the great actions performed by the Highlanders during our civil wars was performed under the command of a Highlander. Some writers have mentioned it as a proof of the extraordinary genius of Montrose and Dundee that those captains, though not themselves of Gaelic race or speech, should have been able to form direct confederacies of Gaelic tribes. But, in truth, it was precisely because Montrose and Dundee were not Highlanders that they were able to lead armies composed of Highland clans. Had Montrose been chief of the Camerons, the Macdonalds would never have submitted to his authority. Had Dundee been chief of Clanronald he would never have been obeyed by Glengarry. Haughty and punctilious men, who scarcely acknowledged the King to be their superior, would not have endured the superiority of a neighbour, an equal, a competitor. They could far more easily bear the pre-eminence of a distinguished stranger. Yet even to such a stranger they would allow only a very limited and a very precarious authority. To bring a chief before a court-martial, to shoot him, to cashier him, to degrade him, to reprimand him publicly, was impossible. Macdonald of Keppoch or Maclean of Duart would have struck dead any officer who had demanded his sword and told him to consider himself as under arrest; and hundreds of claymores would instantly have been drawn to protect the murderer. All that was left to the commander under whom these potentates condescended to serve was to argue with them, to supplicate them, to flatter them, to bribe them; and it was only during a short time that any human skill could preserve harmony by these means. For every chief thought himself entitled to peculiar observances: འཇོག་པོ་བྱེད་

therefore impossible to pay marked court to any one without disobliging the rest. The general found himself merely the president of petty kings. He was perpetually called upon to hear and compose disputes about pedigrees, about precedence, about the division of spoil. His decision, be it what it might, must offend somebody. At any moment he might hear that his right wing had fired on his centre in pursuance of some quarrel 200 years old, or that a whole battalion had marched back to its native glen, because another battalion had been put in the post of honour. A Highland bard might easily have found in the history of the year 1659 subjects very similar to those with which the war of Troy furnished the great poets of antiquity. One day Achilles is sullen, keeps his tent, and announces his intention to depart with all his men. The next day Ajax is storming about the camp, and threatening to cut the throat of Ulysses.

Tillotson was taken suddenly ill while attending public worship in the chapel of Whitehall. Prompt remedies might perhaps have saved him; but he would not interrupt the prayers; and, before the service was over, his malady was beyond the reach of medicine. He was almost speechless; but his friends long remembered with pleasure a few broken ejaculations which showed that he enjoyed peace of mind to the last. He was buried in the church of Saint Lawrence Jewry, near Guildhall. It was there that he had won his immense oratorical reputation. He had preached there during the thirty years which preceded his elevation to the throne of Canterbury. His eloquence had attracted to the heart of the City crowds of the learned and polite, from the Inns of Court and from the lordly mansions of St. James's and Soho. A considerable part of his congregation had generally consisted of young clergymen, who came to learn the art of preaching at the feet of him who was universally considered as the first of preachers. To this church his remains were now carried through a mourning population. The hearse was followed by an endless train of splendid equipages from Lombeth through Southwark and over London Bridge. Burnet preached the funeral sermon. His kind and honest heart was overcome by so many tender recollections, that in the midst of his discourse he paused and burst into tears, while a loud moan of sorrow rose from the whole auditory. The Queen could not speak of her favourite instructor without weeping. Even William was visibly moved. "I have lost," he said, "the best friend that I ever had, and the best man that I ever knew." The only Englishman who is mentioned with tenderness in any part of the great mass of letters which the King wrote to Heinsius is Tillotson. The Archbishop had left a widow. To her William granted a pension of £400 a year, which he afterwards increased to £600. His anxiety that she should receive her income regularly and without stoppage was honourable to him. Every quarter-day he ordered the money, without any deduction, to be brought to himself, and immediately sent it to her. Tillotson had bequeathed to her no property, except a great number of manuscript sermons. Such was his fame among his contemporaries that those sermons were purchased by the booksellers for the almost incredible sum of 2,500 guineas, equivalent, in the wretched state in which the silver coin then was, to at least £3,600. Such a price had never before been given in England for any copyright. About the same time Dryden, whose reputation was then in its zenith, received £1,300 for his translation of all the works of Virgil, and was thought to have been splendidly remunerated.

AN IRISH BEER OF PROMISE—HURFORD V. SINGLETON.—This case, which appears to have excited much interest in Dublin, and attracted to the court a number of ladies, whose presence proved somewhat inconvenient, was tried, last Saturday, before the Chief Justice, the fair plaintiff being Miss Sarah Hurford, a lady of 25; the defendant, a Mr Edward Singleton, who, though old enough to be her father, being upwards of 60, had the recommendation of possessing a good deal of money, and holding a situation in the Census Office, worth four or five hundred pounds a year.

Mrs. Mahood, on being examined, said—I am the sister of the plaintiff, and married to Dr. Mahood, Bridge Street. I know the defendant. I have one brother in this country, two in the East, and one in London, having come from the Crimea. My father was barrack-master. He died in 1839, and my mother in 1836. We knew the defendant in Montigny Barracks. My sister, the plaintiff, was born in 1820. The defendant told me he knew my father more than 20 years. My sister went to Liverpool to the first house in millinery and dress-making. She afterwards came to my house, and got respectable employment. The defendant first visited my sister in October, 1852, and stated that he had known my sister before, having met her at the house of a friend. He was in the habit of visiting my sister and dining at my house. He first met us at church, and walked home with us. He was stopping at the Provincial Hotel. He had some slight illness in 1852. My husband attended him, and it was after that he visited us. I knew he was a suitor to my sister. He was accepted by me and my husband as her suitor. He wished it so to be understood. He very often called her his "little wife." (Laughter.) He was in the habit of telling my children they were to call him "Uncle Ned." (Laughter.) He was in the habit of taking my sister and children to the theatre. He always sat in a familiar manner with my sister, with his arm round her waist. (Laughter.) He would not have been permitted to visit, except as a suitor. My sister was advised change of air this time twelve months, and she went to my brother on the Circular Road. The defendant told me he was in the habit of visiting her there, and he went with me to see her in her bed-room. I repeatedly heard him name different months for the marriage, and to myself he said it surely was to have been in May. He first named the spring, but put it off from press of business, as he could not get time from his office; he was secretary to the Census Office; he used to say he had a great deal of head work of statistics, but I told him he appeared to have a very easy post, for he could spare a good deal of time out of it (laughter); he was always very well after the first illness. He apologised to my sister for not dining with us on Whit-Sunday, as he promised to dine with his brother in Westmoreland Street. He was a little dull, and I used always to know when he sat up late. (Laughter.) He said he had dined in Westmoreland Street, and the wine there always disagreed with him. (Laughter.) We did not see him for a week, and it was on the Saturday after we heard that he was ill at his brother's. He then remained away for about six weeks without ever sending a message to my sister. He came back then, and having heard he was so ill, I was quite astonished to see him looking so well. He said he was much better, and there was too much fuss made about it at his brother's. He said he was a little "shook" (laughter.) I sent for my sister, and he got up and met her half way in the room, and took her in his arms and kissed her. (Laughter.) During that time, he conducted himself as her suitor. He would not allow her to sit in a chair, but insisted on her sitting on his knee. (Laughter.) He visited her four or five times after in the same way. He dined twice with my sister and husband when I was in Kingstown. The last time he was there, he bid her good-bye, saying, "I must see my 'little wife' before Tuesday." That was the last day he came to our house; that was in August. He told me that day he never was better in his life; that he was quite recovered.

James Thomas Barford, brother of the plaintiff, said—My father was a major in the army at the time of his death. I was myself an ensign in the 65th Regiment and 1st West India Regiment. I knew the defendant. My sister was on a visit with me in October, 1854. The defendant during that time dined two or three times a week with me, and came every evening after dinner, remaining till one o'clock or two o'clock in the morning. On one occasion, in January last, I spoke to him, expressing my surprise that he had not answered my letter of the 7th of December, calling on him to arrange a time for his marriage. I took advantage of my sister's absence to say that. I continued to observe I was placed in an awkward position, he being so much my senior, but I was the only brother of my sister in this country, and it was my duty to see she was not wronged. He said he was very glad I had spoken to him, that he had a letter in answer to me for a week in his pocket. That he always intended to marry my sister, and he would make arrangements certainly within the ensuing month. I told him I was perfectly satisfied, and I went and took a car and brought my sister back, which I would not have done but for his explanation. The defendant then appeared in very good health, if I might judge from his countenance. (Laughter.) He took a fair share of what was going. (Laughter.) His salary was £1 per day. My brothers are officers in the 12th Lancers, 9th Lancers, and 75th Foot, two veterinary surgeons and an ensign.

Counsel—You say your brother in the 12th Lancers is a commissioned officer. Is he not quartermaster?

Witness—No, sir; he is veterinary surgeon, and his services give him the rank of captain. At first appointment he ranked as lieutenant.

Mrs Hurford, wife of the last witness, was examined, and corroborated the evidence as to the conversation in January. Never heard the defendant complain of anything but a cold.

The promise of marriage was admitted by the defendant, but he pleaded that after the promise, and before reasonable time elapsed for performing it, he was, by the visitation of God, attacked by apoplexy, and rendered so infirm as to be unable to perform his promise.

Damages were laid at £500, and the issues were, whether the defendant was so afflicted as to prevent him marrying the plaintiff; and if so, whether he was so afflicted before a reasonable time elapsed for performing the promise.

Evidence having been heard, the jury found for the plaintiff—£300 damages and costs.

ST. STEPHEN, COVENT, M.P.—On the 11th instant, at his house in Follen Square, died the celebrated Colonel Sir Stephen, a member for Lincoln. He died at the age of 75 years, he was born in 1752, and married, in 1782, Mary, daughter of the late Sir John Mordaunt, Esq., many years M.P. for Faversham in the House of Commons, to whom he has issued several children. He was a moderate and consistent tory for the county of Lincoln, and rebelled at the Revolution and the Reform Bill, and opposed Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill when it stood as one of the utility of 55 who considered Free Trade when Lord Russell was in power in 1832. He was son of the late Humphrey Walpole, Esq., of Lincoln, from 1779 to 1806, and representative of the family of Sir Stephen's of Follen House, near that city. The late gallant colonel was first elected a member for his native city in 1826, and continued to sit for it down to his death, as representative of the High Tory interest, except during the last parliament immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, when it was Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, displaced him by a majority of some 20 votes. Sir Stephen had great personal and family influence at Lincoln, and though he was so frequently sent to Parliament at the head of the poll, he was re-elected in 1841, succeeded in securing the second seat for a Tory in that county, and, as the "Times," "his long been a household word, and the very embodiment of honesty, but unimpeachable, free prejudice; to the last he was a member of the extinct school of Lord Eldon and the late Duke of Newcastle, and frequently up to the policy of the great Conservative party." In that sense, he was popular, even in St. Stephen's was his constant resort, and "a spade a spade, and a fool a fool," and often was he called a "Red-spoken" for the use of strong language and unparliamentary expressions. When other him raising roars of laughter on one occasion, when Mr. W. Woodcock brought in a bill, some ten years since, for altering the property qualification of English members, when the gallant colonel rose and asked, whether he meant that every humble farmer, whose horse or bull, kept for purposes of sale, should be brought him in an income of some £100 a year, might, on that qualification, be taken up as a tenant or a borough? Still it must be owned that, with all his blunders, we owe one or two important reforms to the honest colonel—first, the re-arranging of the working of the tax on fire insurance—a tax which presses very heavily on the poor man; and, secondly, he actually has saved the country £20,000 a year for the last fifteen years. It will be remembered that when the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alice was first announced to Parliament in 1870, Lord Melbourne proposed that the nation should settle on his Royal Highness an allowance of £50,000 a year. On that occasion, Colonel Sir Stephen rose and emphatically denouncing the proposal as a "Whig Job," persuaded Sir Robert Peel to support him, and succeeded in reducing the proposed allowance to £25,000 a year, which sum, we believe, has proved ample for his Royal Highness's wants. And many other individuals in exalted stations, Colonel Sir Stephen was no stranger to his marriage. It is notorious that he has for many years lived separate from his wife, who brought an action against him in the Ecclesiastical Court, some 20 years since, and obtained from the judge a verdict for the highest alimony that the court could enforce upon a husband—namely, half of his yearly income. Well, his irregularities and his other feelings are now buried with him in his grave; and we shall never again see the immediate Lieut. Col. Light and the large gold eye-glass of the gallant colonel in the lobby of the House; but Sir Stephen's itself, he will not be so easily forgotten after his 50 years of parliamentary life.

LINDSAY, LIEUT.-GENERAL.—On the 5th inst., Lieut.-General James Henry Lindsay, of Balcarrais, County of Fife, died at Genoa. The deceased, who was nephew of the fifth Earl of Balcarrais, and cousin to the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarrais, was born in 1792, and entered the army in 1807 as Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. He served in the expedition to Walcheren in 1809, and at the defence of Cadiz in 1811. He was also engaged in the Peninsular campaigns of 1812 and 1813, and afterwards served in Holland under the late Lord Lynedoch, and was severely wounded at the assault on Bergen-op-Zoom. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Fife, which he represented in Parliament from 1831 to 1832, having previously sat for the borough of Wigton for eight years. He married, first, in 1819, Mary Ann, daughter of Francis Grant, Esq., of Kilcristy; and second, in 1823, Anne, daughter of John Leslie, Esq., of Gort. He was survived by his wife, and by three children, viz. John Leslie Lindsay, Esq., by whom he had several children; John Lindsay, Esq., Captain Robert Lindsay, it will be remembered, distinguished himself at Inkermann, and at the Alma, where he gallantly defended the colours of his regiment; and his daughter was married during the early part of last year to Mr. Robert S. Holland, the wealthy owner of Dorchester House, Park Lane, and M.P. for West Gloucestershire.

COWLING, Mr. T.—On the 13th inst., in Albemarle Street, died Mr. William Cowling, the eminent Barrister-at-Law, in his 54th year. He was a native of Lancashire, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1824, taking mathematical honours as Senior Wrangler, and afterwards became a Fellow of his College, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1826. Mr. Cowling was selected to stand for the representation of the University of Cambridge, in the Conservative interest, in 1831, on the death of the late Right Hon. Chief Justice, Lord; but withdrew his name, as did also Mr. L. T. Wigram. He stood very high in public reputation as a Common Law Barrister, and though he never received a silk gown, it is believed that he would have been promoted to the Bench at an early opportunity, had his life been spared. He was a profound and scientific lawyer, but of a shy and reticent manner, and never made any display of oratorical ability, or of what would be termed a brilliant and professional language, he termed "advocacy." He was an able mathematician, and a person peculiarly well informed on non-professional matters—such as history, physical science, and military tactics. As an instance of the latter, we may mention that nothing pleased him more than by the turn of a few plates, knives, and wine-glasses to explain the positions of the English and French armies in all the sieges and battles of the Peninsular war. His sterling honesty and integrity of character were as distinguished as his legal ability, and he was deservedly popular among his brethren of the robe. His death, which was caused by a bronchial affection and disease of the heart, was very sudden, as he returned on foot from his Chambers, where he had been pursuing his professional business, to dinner at 6 o'clock on the day preceding his death. Mr. Cowling was married, and has left a young family. Mr. Cowling was Standing Counsel to, and Deputy High Steward of, the University of Cambridge.

BAIKER, Mr. J.—at Philadelphia, U.S., on the 1st inst. Mr. Joseph Baker, formerly a Unitarian, died very suddenly after addressing an anti-slavery meeting for upwards of three hours. He was formerly a Wesleyan Minister, but afterwards became a Unitarian, and a free thinker. He was indicted at Liverpool in 1848 for sedition as a Chartist, and for having urged the adoption of physical force; but the indictment was withdrawn. He had some time since emigrated to the more free and congenial soil of America, where he had adopted the line of a writer against religion.

DRURY, R.—On the 7th inst., Richard, only son of the late Captain Augustus Drury, R.N., and nephew and heir-at-law of the late George V. Drury, Esq. of Shotover House, near Oxford, died at Cintra Lodge, St. John's Wood, in his 21st year. The deceased gentleman was the last male representative of the ancient family of Drury, which came over with the Conqueror from Normandy, and was originally settled at Thurston, in Suffolk. A collateral ancestor was Gentelman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I., and his grandson was created a Baronet in 1739, but the title became extinct in the second generation. The mother of the late Mr. Drury was a Miss Smyth, niece of Sir William Boyce Smyth, Bart., of Hill Hall, Epping, M.P. for South Essex, and his father inherited Shotover from his mother, who was the only daughter of the late Baron Augustus Schutz of Halplace.

GORDON, T. Esq.—On the 6th inst., died at Fort George, N.B., of malignant small pox, in the 66th year of his age, Thomas Gordon, Esq., of Park House, County of Banff, Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 76th (Inverness, Banff, Sea Highland Light Infantry. Mr. Gordon, who succeeded to the estate and Barony of Park in 1808, in right of his grandmother, Helen Gordon, and thereupon assumed the name of Gordon in lieu of that of Duff, was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Banff, and also convener of the same county. In 1841, Mr. Gordon married the eldest daughter of David Macdowell Grant, Esq., of Arndilly, in the same county, by whom he has three sons, the eldest of whom, Lachlan Duff, a captain in the 20th Foot, succeeds to the family estates. Mr. Gordon was representative of an ancient branch of the Duffs, Earls of Fife, and through his grandmother, traced his descent from the Gordons of the noble house of Huntly.

BLAKELEY, REV. DEAN.—On the 1st inst., died at Dublin, at an advanced age, the Very Rev. Theophilus Blakeley, Dean of Down. The venerable gentleman, who had been suffering only for a few days from an attack of cold and bronchitis, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was appointed to his Deanery about 30 years ago.

WARBURTON, ARCHDEACON.—The Venerable Archdeacon Warburton, son of the late Dr. Warburton, bishop of Cloyne, died on the 10th inst., in his 75th year, at Rathkeale Rectory, County of Limerick. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1802, and became Rector of Rathkeale on the gift of the Bishop of Limerick, and also of Queenstown, Co. Cork.

BULLER, Mrs. J. W.—On the 15th, at Exeter, Charlotte Juliana Jane, wife of James Wentworth Buller, Esq., of Downes, near Crediton, Chairman of the South Devon Railway Company, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Devon, Member for Exeter from 1859 to 1857. The deceased lady, a few days previously, had burst a blood-vessel in the act of stepping out of her carriage at the Exeter Railway Station, and the accident proved a fatal one. She was the third daughter of the late Lord Henry Moynaux Howard, brother of Bernard Edward, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, and was married in 1851 to her husband, by whom she leaves issue a youthful family. Mr. Buller was a maternal grandson of the late Right Rev. Dr. Buller, Bishop of Exeter, and the family, for several generations, have represented the Counties of Devon and Cornwall, and the City of Exeter.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

"Why do we prate of the blessings of peace?" and not only of its blessings, but of its probable advent? Each day some new rumour starts up, and all bear a pacific burden, but on none is any reliance to be placed. The account of Count Esterhazy's mission to St. Petersburg is running the round of all the journals, and is interpreted in various ways, according to the disposition in which the editor may happen to be at the time. The fall of Kars has happened rather inopportunely; it is a long time since the Russian Government had any good news which in its own inmost heart it could credit. The Russian people have been constantly amused with little special bits of information, home-manufactured, and cheering in their tendency; but now that the Government can really credit what it promulgates, it will probably be too elated to listen to the terms, at which, before the event, it would have jumped. The Austrian mediation is ugly; the question of the Emperor Francis Joseph's ultimatum is doubtful, and there are those who pretend to be well-informed (Downing Street hangers-on, who glean any scrap of news they can meet with, and despatch it post haste to the Irish journals, of which they are the London correspondents), who will tell you that Russia has determined to listen to no pacific propositions so long as a single foreign soldier remains on her territory, and that she will remain firm on this point. This must be clearly absurd, for no one could be idiotic enough to imagine that having by main force been frightened into making terms, she would hold to her treaty when the frightening element was removed. I am convinced, however, that among the middle classes of society, that is to say, among men belonging to the learned professions, to literature and art, to commerce and the Exchange, there is no peace feeling; they do not repine at the extra taxes they are compelled to pay. They are particularly sensitive on the subject of a hurried or patched-up peace, and willing to support the minister in all warlike measures which have good sense for their basis and skill for their execution. Lord Palmerston can feel the public pulse better than any man now living, and he knows exactly how far he may count upon support. The members of parliament who, during the vacation, have met their constituents, have nearly all spoken, in set parliamentary phrase, certainly, but with vigour and honesty, on the necessity for a prosecution of the war, and have expressed confident opinions as to their faith in the Premier on the question.

Such being the state of the case, and the feeling of the country being obviously in favour of a continuance of the present policy, our domestic affairs, moreover, being in a very fair state of quietude, notwithstanding the pressure of the times and other hardships, any movement calculated to excite the feelings of the populace against the ruling powers would be obviously specially unwise. Such a step has been taken by the officers of the various regiments of Guards, who, with Prince Albert at their head, have memorialised the Queen to allow them to retain the privileges of their body as distinguished from officers of the Line. Custom has given these gentlemen a titular rank superior to their real rank. Thus a "lieutenant" is "lieutenant and captain," of course always assuming the superior title, while a "captain" is, in contradistinction to the old saying, not "always a captain," but "captain and lieutenant-colonel," that is to say, he is a lieutenant-colonel so soon as he attains his company. By a baneful anomaly, not only was his vanity flattered, but his fortunes were lifted by this custom, and his further steps were made to date as if he had been a lieutenant-colonel from the time when he first received his captain's commission. The present war has knocked this jolly on the head, the Guards have been put on the same footing as the Line, and the "Times" has been down upon the Prince for allowing his name to appear in connection with the business. To any thinking mind it must at once appear that the memorialists have not a leg to stand upon. Their duty before the commencement of the war was confined to London, Windsor, and Winchester; and, as it has been said, if they complain of slow promotion, let them take their share of colonial garrison duty, and they will find the steps rapid enough. A Colonel Wood, who wrote to the papers stating that the memorial had been sent to all the military club-houses a fortnight before the stir made about it, has been contradicted by many correspondents, who have made it their business to inquire into the truth of the statement; and the greatest delight at the bearing of the question is exhibited by the "Morning Advertiser," which refers with pride to the period when it was attacked on all sides for its abuse of the Prince Consort, and now rejoices to find that its tone is echoed by its more potential contemporaries.

The poisonings are gaining ground. Each week shows some frightful case; and unless some new law be brought in to regulate the sale of poisonous substances, it is impossible to tell where it may end. Within the past two weeks, two of the most wonderful cases on record have formed subjects of inquiry, the one before a jury, the other before the coroner. In the first case, the accused, the husband of the poisoned, was acquitted. There were no reasons why he should have committed the deed: he was fond of his wife, gained no monetary advantage by her death, had formed no other connections which could lead him to wish himself rid of her, and so he was acquitted. Two or three things which looked very awkward at the commencement of the trial, were explained away as it proceeded, but still, by the clearest analytical evidence, it was certain that the woman had been poisoned. Baron Martin, in his summing up, went directly for the prisoner, and told the jury, that of the other persons connected with the lady, there was not one upon whom his suspicions rested. The other case: that of a young man, named Cook, at Rugeley, the particulars of which are given in another column.

Since last writing, Death has robbed us of two well-known, though widely-different men. Colonel Sibthorpe, the eccentric, hot-headed, warm-hearted, steadfast member for Lincoln is no more. Undying in his animosity to all things foreign and reformative, always strong and occasionally offensive in his language in the House, bigoted, parsimonious, personally conceited, he was in his way a patriot, a good landlord, a conscientious representative, a hospitable neighbour. In him the House has lost its greatest jester; for his was that ridiculous nonsense which is most telling, because the speaker is utterly unconscious of his own absurdity; Mr. Henry Drummond buffoons, and is the clown to the ring, while poor Sibthorpe was the Widdicombe. At the good old age of ninety-five, old Samuel Rogers has been called away, breathing his last on Tuesday morning, calmly and peacefully. Though long, his life has not been eventful; but, connected, as he has been, with all that was bright and brilliant in two generations, he is well worthy of a more extended memoir than can be given in this place.

Colonel Hamley, the author of the "Story of the Siege," which has appeared from time to time in "Blackwood," and has since been published entire, is at present in town, on leave of absence from the Crimea. By his story, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," Colonel Hamley has placed himself in the first rank of novelists, and his descriptive "Story of the Siege" now shows him to be an excellent and impartial historian. This is his first visit to England for five years, as "Lady Lee's Widowhood" was written while he was quartered at Gibraltar.

Lord Ernest Vane has had to pay £45 for the assault on Mr. Nash, of the Windsor Theatre. Happy the dramatic writer, who, having had pieces refused at all the principal theatres in London, yet possesses an hundred pounds! By a judicious expenditure of that sum, he could take summary vengeance on Messrs. Webster, Kean, Buckstone, and Wigan, and get himself notoriety at the same time!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE HOLLY-TREE INN—"PUNCH'S ALMANAC" FOR 1856.

It ever there was a man overflowing with geniality, that man is Charles Dickens. His kindly spirit pours itself through his writings, and is the leading attribute of his life; it causes his pen to wander from the subject immediately before him, and the wandering gives us a bit of glorious sunny cheering description, making us more appreciative of present benefits, and more inclined to bear with those around us; it leads him from his own vocation (only temporarily though) into the councils of men, and we reap the benefit of his clear common sense and quick appreciation. To be blessed with such a mind as his, must indeed be a "continual feast," and be it always remembered that what he is he has made himself; his were no ancestral or monetary honours; he

has won his way to his position by his own energy and talent, and in the hour of his struggle and the day of his prosperity he has always been the same warm-hearted, genial benevolent spirit, adding to our blessings by perpetually showing how blessed it is possible for us to be, and, while not ignoring misery, striving to alleviate its pangs, and show a way to escape from its influence. I cannot fancy, Sir, a more pleasant existence than his, knowing that he has the power by a few strokes of his pen, to send a ray of joy into thousands of his countrymen's homes, and being constantly prompted to do so. How much pleasanter a life than old Rasper's—old Rasper, who, with an assumed love for the people (who with him are always suffering and being trodden upon), spits forth his venom upon the aristocracy and respectability in general, speaks files and daggers, and writes with a sharp-nibbed *style*, dipped in corrosive sublimate!

With Mr. Dickens Christmas has always been a favourite topic. From the time when the Pickwickians paid their celebrated winter visit to Dingley Dell until the present writing, scarcely any of his works but have contained some passages unique in their description of what mild men persist in calling this festive season! Who but recollects Scrooge, and Scrooge's nephew, and Scrooge's immortal clerk, Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim? Who has not seen Trotty Veck dining on the steps, and Peery-bingle driving his carrier's cart? Who, a few years ago, did not read in the Christmas Number of "Household Words" (I think for the year 1852) an article, called, "What Christmas is as we grow older," and did not rise up in a better and holier frame of mind from the perusal?

The Christmas Number of "Household Words" for this year, called the "Holly-tree inn," is before me, and I confess I am a little disappointed in its contents. Perhaps we are liable to be too sanguine in all our expectations from Charles Dickens's pen, and from the pens of those gathered round him; certainly, issued under any other auspices the work would be considered excellent; certainly it is a good investment for one's money. But the machinery for narrating the tales is not so cleverly worked as usual, nor are the tales themselves so striking. The opening chapter, "The Guest," is unquestionably from the Editor himself. Who else could write of street-lamps flickering in the gusty north-east wind, "as if the very gas were contorted with cold;" of guard and coachman stumping up and down the road and "printing off their feet in the snow;" of windows with dark-red curtains "which would have absorbed the light of a general illumination;" of a chimney-piece with a waxy glass above it so high that "when I stood up it just showed me my anterior phrenological developments, and these never look well in any subject, cut off short at the eye-brow?" Who could so describe a snow-storm, or give such wondrous reminiscences of former days at various fairs, but Charles Dickens? Those who have read in "Fraser" the "Monks of Wincott Abbey," will have little difficulty in recognising Mr. Willie Collins as the author of the next paper, called "The Ostler," a strange supernatural story, unpleasant and blood-chilling enough, but admirably told. The next, "The Boots," must, I should think, be Mr. G. A. Sala's; it smacks of his quaint observation and power of photographing scenes and characters. "The Landlord" is a dismal failure, long-winded and utterly uninteresting and pointless. "The Barmid" is in verse, and in "Household Words" the verse has always been the weakest point. The publication does not redeem its character by the present specimen. "The Pensioner," meaning to be forcible, misses its object, and has no new feature, the story very much resembling a tale told in "Peter Priggins," and called "Agnes Field." In "The Bill," which winds up the number, I was disappointed, finding here and there traces of the master hand, but missing that beautiful description, and that sweet spirit of religious feeling, with which last year's Christmas number was ended. A want of unity pervades the number, and the stories all read like disjointed magazine papers, laboriously, and (dare I say it of Dickens?) inartistically strung together.

"Punch's Almanac" for the coming year is filled with some of Mr. Leech's most glorious social sketches. So good are all, that I can scarcely particularise; perhaps, however, the "Bracing Day at the Seaside," will be the most general favourite. Every character is perfect; the old gentleman stumping along, and defying the power of the wind, the pretty child brought to a stand-still, and unable to make headway against its force, the resolute hobbydoy, gripping his cigar between his teeth, the inviting girls and the yachting swell, are all faithful daguerreotypes of people who have been seen by all of us. Perhaps the next best are the "Vapour Bath," the "Parisian Table-d'hôte," and the "French Gentleman's First Visit to England." The letterpress is not up to the mark, and contains many *recherchés* of ancient jokes, one of which, a translation of "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit," I recollect in a former "Punch's Almanac" or "Pocket-book," ten or a dozen years ago.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE PANTOMIMES—MRS. MACNAMARA'S BENEFIT.

PREPARATIONS for the forthcoming Pantomimes and Christmas pieces absorb the entire attention of the theatrical world; and "behind the scenes," that region, the entrance to which is considered such a boon by the youths upon town, would now be found to be a chaos of paint, size, shavings, ozidize, grease, gas, and imprecations. An exception must be made in favour of the Adelphi, where Mr. Oxenford's version of Molière's "Tartuffe" has been revived with great success, owing to Mr. Webster's excellent performance of the hero. I have made inquiry into the details of the various forthcoming novelties, and send you such news as I have gathered. The Covent Garden performance will commence with Mr. Anderson's magic, after which will be produced a new Pantomime, entitled "Ye Belle Alliance; or, Ye Field of Ye Cloth of Golde." I have already given you the names of authors, artist, and actors employed, and have but to say, that from all I hear, the magnificence of the scenery and "effect" will surpass anything hitherto attempted. Mr. Anderson has, it is said, already expended upwards of two thousand pounds on his Pantomime, and is determined not to hold his hand should further payment be required.

The title of the Drury Lane Pantomime, which is written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, is, "Hey Diddle Diddle; or, Harlequin King Nonsense, and the Seven Ages of Man," being apparently an allegorical and pantomimical elucidation of Shakespeare's description of the varied phases of man's existence. The opening commences with a view of the "Region of Nursery Rhymes," where King Nonsense rules supreme, and where Humpty Dumpty, Jack Horner, and the other famous heroes of our nursery legends, are soothing the ears of Babyhood with the memorable metrical romances that belong to the period of infancy. King Nonsense receives a visit from Common Sense, who offers to make an amicable arrangement to share the Christmas throne, but an obstacle appears in the form of Routine and his inseparable friend Red Tape, who have been banished to Noddledom. Common Sense, however, causes them to disappear, and then the compact is completed. The rest of the opening is devoted to a whimsical illustration of the progress of the hero, young Hopeful, through the stages of the lover and the soldier, &c.; and after a grand ballet in the Bower of Love, the characters meet in the Ruined Cottage of Old Age, which is transformed into one of Mr. William Beverley's magnificent fairy palaces, symbolising the regions of Perpetual Spring. The allegory is carefully maintained throughout; the puns and parodies introduced impart some of the qualities of burlesque, the scenery throughout is brilliant and effective, and the double pantomime company, with Tom Matthews and Boleno for the clowns, will form a strong attraction. Great expenditure has been gone to in every department.

Mr. Buckstone has again taken the pen in hand for the opening portion of his own pantomime, which will be called the "Butterfly's Ball;" and of the scenery, romantic views, and especially the scenic dresses of which the most laudatory reports are current in theatrical circles.

At the Princess's the old story of "The Maid and the Magpie" is taken for the plot of the opening, which, as well as the comic part, has been written by Mr. Maddison Morton, who has provided this theatre with its Christmas entertainment since the commencement of Mr. Kean's régime.

"All the World and his Wife, or Harlequin Puss in Boots and the Ogre of Rat's Castle," is the tremendous title of the pantomime at Sadler's Wells, and to Mr. Greenwood belongs the merit of the invention. The original story is closely followed, and funnily wrought out. The scenery,

by Mr. F. Fenton, is very good; and the pantomime company, with C. Fenton for Harlequin, Miss Caroline Parkes Columbine, and Nacio Paulin Clown, will be equal to the strongest rivalry at other establishments. The "comic business" is spoken of as unusually smart and effective.

Last week I mentioned the intended benefit to Mrs. Macnamara, wife of the Olympic and Lyceum Theatres. It took place on Tuesday night, and was attended by a brilliant and numerous audience. Messrs. Anderson, Leigh Murray, Buckstone, &c., gave their services, and before the play Mr. Albert Smith spoke an address, written by himself.

It is proper to mention that this benefit was originally proposed and carried through by Mr. A. Arcebeck, a gentleman who ranks as one of the kindest friends of all engaged in the theatrical profession. Admirably seconded by Mr. Markwell (both being good amateur actors themselves), he set himself to work in earnest, and used both his time and influence so well, that by the proceeds of the entertainment an aged and talented woman will be enabled to live out the remainder of her days in a comfortable retirement provided for her by the co-operation and kindness of those who remembered her in better times.

JENNY LIND AT EXETER HALL.

THE second of Madame Lind Goldschmidt's concerts was given at Exeter Hall on Monday evening. The oratorio was "Elijah." The performance, as a whole, was much superior to that of "The Creation" last week, notwithstanding the great complexity and difficulty of the music. All the principal solo parts were admirably sung. In addition to Madame Goldschmidt, there were Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Hamilton Broham; and for the additional parts required in the concerted pieces there were Miss Messent, Miss E. Williams, Mr. Walker, Mr. Smythson, and Mr. Lawler. Madame Goldschmidt's genius brought many beauties to light which had entirely escaped the observation of her predecessors, and gave the fullest life, the most complete meaning, to passages whose true character and purpose had hitherto been but faintly indicated, or, at best, inadequately expressed. Not a note of Mendelssohn was neglected by Madame Jenny Lind; each accent and emphasis, every *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, as marked by the composer, were religiously observed; to every note was given its just duration; even to the minutest detail the singer was perfectly correct, and this not only without stiffness or pedantry, but with a fine, free, and really poetical spirit, that showed she had literally learned her author by heart. Exeter Hall was densely crowded.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

DOG-DEALING AND DOG-STEALING.—William Lister, was brought up at the Mansion House, on Monday, before the Lord Mayor, charged with having stolen a dog.

Mr. Butler, a wine merchant, said—On Friday, between four and five o'clock, as I was going along King William Street, I saw the prisoner, whom I have known for some years as a dog-dealer, and another man. The other man was standing with his back to the door, and the prisoner was carrying a dog into the lobby of a house. I then heard a call-whistle for a dog, and the prisoner whistled up the animal, and passed it to the other man. They both walked towards Kenchurch Street, where the prisoner took the dog from his companion. The dog barked twice, and the prisoner struck it; and I gave him into the custody of an officer for the robbery. The officer asked whether the dog was his, and he said "No," and put it down, and away the dog ran. I ran after the dog till I found the owner.

The prisoner said—I assure your Lordship that I am no dog-stealer; but I'll tell you the simple fact. A gentleman I met in Leadenhall Market told me he had just lost a dog, and described it, and said he would give me £5 if I would recover it. I ran with a friend of mine to look after the animal, and who should we see wandering about but this very dog now present, and we agreed that he must be the dog as was lost, and we took him up, and I was carrying him off to his master, when the gentleman came and charged me as a dog-stealer. (A laugh.) I never was in custody before.

The Lord Mayor—You had no dog's-meet with you at the time?

Prisoner—Not a bit, your Lordship. I merely took up the animal to take him to his master, as I thought. I sold dogs, but I never steal 'em.

The Lord Mayor—You must pay £5, the value of this dog, together with the penalty of £5, or go to prison for three months.

The prisoner was committed.

THE WHITECHAPEL WORKHOUSE.—Several destitute persons presented themselves at the Worship Street Police Court last week, to complain of the harsh treatment to which they had been subjected at the hands of the authorities of the Whitechapel Union. It appeared, from the statement of the two first applicants—an infirm and sickly-looking man, verging on his 70th year, and his wife, a careworn, elderly woman—that about nine weeks since, in consequence of a severe attack of illness, accompanied by a partial deprivation of sight, which entirely incapacitated the husband from working at his trade as a journeyman tailor, he was compelled to enter the workhouse, in which his wife also was subsequently forced to obtain shelter, after an abortive struggle to support herself by labour. They had remained until Tuesday the 11th, when they were summoned before the guardians in the board-room, where they received an abrupt intimation that nothing more could be done for them, and they were both turned into the street without further ceremony.

The Magistrate—Do you mean to say that no reasons whatever were assigned for your expulsion?

The Wife—They only said my husband was quite able to work if he pleased, which is not the case, as he is so much debilitated, and his sight is almost gone.

The Magistrate—Was any doubt expressed with regard to your settlement?

The Wife—Not at all, sir, for they know very well that we have lived thirty-five years in the parish.

A tall, cadaverous-looking man, a journeyman weaver, aged 67, then stepped forward, and stated that, in consequence of his inability to procure employment, he had also been an inmate of the workhouse for several weeks, but he had been turned out by order of the board in the same summary manner.

The Magistrate—Have you no friends or relations in a condition to help you?

Applicant—I have not a friend in the world, and my only relative is a married daughter, who has five children to support, but her husband is so miserably poor that they have a hard matter to keep body and soul together, and God knows what will become of me.

The Magistrate feelingly commiserated the condition of the poor people, and expressed his regret that his only means of rendering them assistance was by way of remonstrance, but he should at once direct the warrant officer to proceed with them to the relieving overseer, with an urgent request for their re-admission into the workhouse.

Mr. Bates, a tradesman in the Whitechapel Road, who happened to be present on other business, here said that he was not at all surprised at such disclosures, as he was in the constant habit of witnessing the most heart-rending scenes of distress at the gates of the workhouse, which were beset every night by crowds of destitute creatures, who sought in vain for admission.

The warrant-officer then made a report to the magistrate respecting the case of some destitute children who had been refused admission into the workhouse. The officer stated, that after effecting their temporary admission into the casual ward, he proceeded before the board of guardians, who were sitting at the time; and, in answer to his representations, he was assured by the chairman that they had every disposition to discharge their duties to the poor, and that they would continue to do so as far as their means allowed. The officer added that he also called their attention to the case of a poor boy whose toes had been eaten away by the cold; in reference to which he was informed by the board that it was the intention of their clerk to forward a private communication to the magistrate.

The Magistrate—I have no desire to receive any private communication in the matter; and any explanation they wish to furnish should be stated in open court. It was subsequently intimated by the officer that he had represented the case of the above-named applicants to the relieving overseer, who had re-admitted them into the workhouse.

SIR C. CAMPBELL'S NATIVITY.—PAISLEY V. GLASGOW.—The "Paisley Journal" says:—"That 'Colin Campbell' spent his early days in Glasgow, and was educated in a seminary there, is not disputed, but the proof is by no means so clear that he was born in that city. Indeed, from information we have been at the pains of collecting, we think it extremely probable he was born at Paisley. There is a little one-storey house which stands at the entrance to the 'Highland Lane,' in which, upwards of half a century ago, resided two ladies, Misses Campbell, from Islay. A sister of theirs had married a person named McCleave, who immigrated from the Highlands to Glasgow, to be nearer whom the sisters, on the death of their father, came to Paisley. This married sister often visited her maiden sisters in the Highland Lane; and it is alleged that in the little house referred to, she was delivered of her first-born child. That child was the great Sir Colin Campbell, who, as he grew up, dropped his surname in favour of Campbell, to please his two aunts. There are persons still alive in Paisley who knew these Misses Campbell intimately, and remember 'Colin Campbell' as he came out to see them, a smart and gallant lad, and who can attest all we have said."



GATHERING HOLLY, AND BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS LOG.
CHRISTMAS MUMMERS.

HUNTING THE BOAR.
THE PROCESSION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD.
(DESIGNED BY J. FOSTER.)



HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.
THE PROCESSION OF THE BOAR'S HEAD.
(DESIGNED BY J. FOSTER.)

CARRYING ROUND THE WASSAIL BOWL.
CHRISTMAS MINSTRELS.

WE this week place before our readers a grand Christmas Double Number, containing illustrations exhibiting Christmas in the most varied aspects. The articles describing the illustrations will be found in the extra sheet.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

JOURNALS AND THE WAR.

We have all heard lately that our new General in the Crimea is exercising a very strict supervision over arrivals at Balaclava. There is a talk of putting down newspaper correspondents, now that—thanks to them—the country has been made sufficiently aware of the way in which things are done to insist on somewhat better management. Having (with some assistance from the French) taken Sebastopol, our governors are preparing to carry on business without any advice from the public at all. The time is well chosen; people are in better humour than they were a year ago, with an army perishing in the mud; and a pretext being forthcoming, those persons of all classes and all motives, who hate journalism in the abstract, will be glad of the opportunity to strike a blow at it. The question which arises is one for journalists and the public to consider between them.

It is obvious that journalism more directly appeals to the public than any other profession. News is a necessity—not a luxury only, like the drama—though it is a luxury likewise. That there should be commentary with the news flowed from a blending of the pamphleteering element with the gazetteering one. All that it has gained, then, journalism has gained for itself; it owes the State nothing but coercion; it owes Parliament nothing but exclusion. It would have been put down long ago, if it had been possible to put it down. But it was not possible; and this because it so concerned the public. It represents the public, and directs it, too, in a mixed action which it is impossible to calculate exactly; for it is impossible to say correctly how much any man who writes to the public owes to himself, and how much to it. Only one thing is certain—that freedom of speech is as much the growth of English history as Parliament or the Church; that whatever be said of it abstractedly, it is here in England for better and worse; and that if it is wrong, the wrong of it does not belong to its mere exponents, the journals, but to the whole English people, whose character and history have formed it. English history has been a succession of the revolution of new powers, and this happens to be the one which is of latest growth, besides being of its nature a loud one. When, therefore, a modern peer complains of the increase of its power, he should remember that his body has had its increase too,—that from being a mere council of the Crown, he and his fellows have come to supersede it. And this though the Crown is a substantially ancient institution, while the House of Peers has been so modified, that, in four hundred years, it has changed its character altogether.

From the point of view of authority the Press, no doubt, is a disagreeable affair. Why should anonymous HIGGIBUS freely print a comment on Statesmen or General? HIGGIBUS is nobody! to be sure. And so is the statesman nobody, till his position or pedestal makes him somebody; and HIGGIBUS' position—viz., his audience—makes him somebody likewise. He has precisely the same right to it as the other man. The other man inherited his chance as an English potentate; HIGGIBUS inherited his—his freedom to write, namely—as an English citizen. Privately, he is like any other private person; he has a right to make what he can by his gifts, like any other individual. His power is exercised through others: move them, and he can do something; without them, he can do nothing.

In fact, HIGGIBUS has a natural right to influence, while, in many cases, the potentate has only a conventional one; besides, the public can use their own discretion about listening to HIGGIBUS, while the other man must have, whether they like him or no—except in those rare cases where he gets past bearing, and has to be hooted out, like Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

The harm the journalist can do will depend on the state of the community. If mankind are asses at a given time (and many a man says so who ought only to be sure of one), why, that is not the journalist's fault. Everything you say against the "Times" tells against England.

So the power the journalist acquires is an exact expression of fact. A newspaper is strong, because something else that ought to be strong is weak. The "Times" leaders would not tell against CHATHAM's speeches, were he alive and speaking for himself: but, naturally, they tell against such miserable drivel as much of the "debates" is. You cannot overcome natural power. On the whole, average "Times" leaders are better than average speeches and sermons; and, such being the case, what do you expect the result to be?

Apply these remarks to the special Crimean question. War, you say, requires this and that, and can't go on with newspapers. But all life has changed while newspapers have been growing, and we must see whether war and newspapers cannot be made compatible. Is it possible to have a writer or writers at the seat of war telling the public all that goes on?

The abstract right of the public to know, we suppose nobody doubts. Now, where is the special instance of injury done by the reports? We have never seen one established. But the good done can be estimated promptly enough. Had we not known last winter clearly what was going on, what would have been the state of things? All would, somehow, have reached the public in distorted, refracted, and awful shapes—not as narrative, but as rumour. Our alarm would have been far greater. If, on the other hand, the news had never come, the case would have been far worse. Little or nothing would have been done to alleviate the army's sufferings, and the army itself would have been without that cheering burst of applause and sympathy—those enthusiastic efforts to send help and kindness which instantly followed. Celebrity is the real pay of soldiers, and

celebrity no body of soldiers ever had in such a degree before. No struggle was ever so accurately watched by so large a portion of the human race as the siege of Sebastopol. If a soldier or a statesman cannot stand publicity and criticism, he cannot stand the century—he must "fight for antiquity," to borrow Charles Lamb's fanciful joke. But the really great men of past times would have been great now. Do you think you could have written down old OLIVER? No writer would try it—dare try it—against such a man; he has no interest in doing so. As a mere writer, he is as much successful by writing good panegyric as by writing good criticism. It is our mawkish modern cant which makes us forget that opposition is one test of character, and that a man who cannot stand opposition is not fit for life, and still less for high command.

We hear a great deal of the violence of the Press in its treatment of our Generals. Certainly the "Times" spoke harshly enough of Lord RAGLAN: but when ten thousand stout fellows are sinking into shameful graves, it is not the time for mealy-mouthed tenderness. Does the reader know that the journals of thirty years since were far more violent than the present ones? Let him turn over a file of the "John Bull," and judge for himself.

The public should consider what kind of government they are likely to have if they permit the open censure of public opinion to be taken from any one branch of the public service. It is no easy matter to keep our "struldbrugs" awake as it is; but let them work on unchecked, and we shall see such results as will astonish us—though not easily astonished, as times go.

Of course, the press has its blunders and errors; like other institutions; but even if you call it an evil, it is a necessary evil. It is strong because other institutions are weak. To the statesmen who sneer at it, we answer, it is good enough for you. We have arrived at such times as make us clutch at every kind of assistance: and though our press would be a nuisance if it embarrassed a CROMWELL, it is a blessing when it sits in judgment on fellows scarcely worthy to grease old OLIVER's jack-boots.

However, the question whether correspondents shall be excluded from the Crimea is one for the public. If they choose to submit to the deprivation—not only a matter of injury to them politically, but an annoyance, as cutting off much intellectual enjoyment—why, who is to gainsay them? Perhaps they are too lazy to interfere with vigour. Well, the Sybarites of antiquity killed all their cocks to prevent them waking them in the morning—and the doom of that commonwealth was not enviable!

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

LEWES WAR PRISON.—The order for the exclusion of visitors from the prison, consequent on the disorderly conduct of the Finnish soldiers about a month since, has been rescinded, and strangers are again admitted. The prisoners, encouraged by this improvement in their affairs, are once more busily engaged in the manufacture of toys, in which they have wonderfully improved during their incarceration, and they now produce workboxes, watch-stands, and various other useful and ornamental articles, carving them out of pieces of deal with large clasp knives, which are so sharp that they frequently shave themselves with them. The demand for their toys is still very brisk, and large parties from Brighton arrive by train or in private carriages daily, much to the benefit of the hotel-keeper, confectioners and others of the town. During the Brighton season the traffic between that town and Lewes on certain days is three times as much as it was previous to the establishment of the prison.

FATAL EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER AT COSELEY.—A frightful catastrophe occurred on Friday last week, at Coseley, near Sedgley, in South Staffordshire, which has already occasioned the death of four persons, and injured several others, some of whom are not expected to recover, in addition to destroying a considerable amount of property. It is customary in the mining districts of Staffordshire for the overseers of pits, either of iron, stone, or coal, and who are technically called "butties," to keep in their possession large quantities of blasting gunpowder, which is not unfrequently kept in places far from secure, and is used with a guilty want of caution. The following catastrophe is one of the results, it is feared, of this reprehensible practice. The immediate scene of the disaster was a block of three small houses situated at the Copple, on the road from Sedgley to the Deepfields Station, on the Stour Valley branch of the London and North-Western Railway. These houses were occupied respectively by an old woman, named Elizabeth Jackson, and her daughter; by David Millard, a butty collier, with a wife and four children; and by John Cuddick, a bricklayer, his wife and mother. On the morning of Friday, David Millard, who occupied the middle house of the three, went to work at a colliery at Priorfields, and was preceded by two of his brothers-in-law, and a son, aged 12, named Joseph. After they had been at work about two hours, a boy of nine years, named Thomas Lear, and who worked for David Millard, was sent back to the house of the latter to procure a quantity of gunpowder from a stock that was kept in the cellar. The gunpowder was given to the boy by Millard's wife (since dead); and a second lad, named Samuel Millard, was afterwards despatched from the pit to fetch home corn. These two boys are said to have met each other at Cottenill's house, where the corn was to be obtained, and where Millard was desired by the occupants to wait while in order that the corn might be properly supplied to him. The lad, in order, as he alleged, to warm himself, went into his father's house. He had left Cottenill's house only a few minutes, when there occurred a tremendous explosion, which blew up the three houses described, with all their inhabitants. Nothing absolutely certain is yet known as to the cause of the explosion; but there is no doubt that David Millard was not an exception to the general rule, and that he kept powder in the cellar of his house. This he admits, but adds that in the barrel there was on Friday only a small quantity. A fourth house is considerably injured; but the three destroyed are now as level with the ground as if they had been duly taken down.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY AT PORTSMOUTH.—A very extensive and daring robbery of jewellery was effected on Sunday morning last at Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel's shop on the Hard, Portsea, by which property valued at £3,000 was lost. On effecting an entrance into the shop the burglars ascended to the upper storey of the store, and making a hole in the roof, got through it, and from the top of it made a hole in the adjoining roof—that of Messrs. Emanuel's workshop—descended through this hole by means of a rope, and forcing open the workshop door, went down into the yard by means of the stairs, having at the bottom another well-secured door to break open. By the aid of a jemmy the kitchen window opening into the yard was forced open, and, walking through the kitchen into the lobby of the house, they entered the front shop. The work of plunder was carried out with the observance of order—very little displacement of property was made. The only signs of robbery were a heap of morocco leather cases lying about, from which their contents had been taken. These consisted of valuable brooches, diamond bracelets, and rings, &c.; whilst from the window had been taken the whole, and a large number too, of the gold watch chains that were hanging up. The burglars appear to have confined themselves to articles of small bulk, whilst they evidently brought to bear considerable professional knowledge of those possessing the greatest value. Thousands of pounds worth of plate, gold watches, valuable chronometers, &c., lay about in glass-cases, but these were left. With regard to these, considerable care appears, indeed, to have been used to avoid doing them any damage. Only one watch, a valuable gold one, having an enamelled likeness of the late Duke of Wellington on the case, a work of great finish and beauty, was stolen. The only other article of any bulk was one of Deane's revolvers, which was selected from a large stock of those articles that were together. The various glass cases in which the stolen jewellery was at the time were secured by secret springs, the secret of which was only known to the proprietors and chief assistants. On another part of the premises was a valuable collection of plate, gold and silver, and diamond watches, &c., but these, under no circumstances, could have been touched, as the safe in which they were is deemed impregnable. One of the members of the firm and his family were in the house at the time, and he seems to have been alarmed by a noise once or twice, but, after opening his bedroom door, appears to have attributed the noise to an adjoining house. His stirring as he did, however, probably saved some more property being stolen, as hundreds of pounds' worth of gold Mordan's pencil-cases, rings, &c., were left untouched. The burglars appear to have retreated by the way they came, a workman's stool being found in the workshop immediately beneath the hole they had made in the roof, and by which they no doubt made their exit.

THE LATE MRS. HINDS'S ASSASSIN.—It was stated some time since that a man, who gave what was considered to be a fictitious name, was arrested by head-constable Madders, on suspicion of being one of the parties concerned in the assassination of Miss Charlotte Hinds, in the county of Cavan. The individual still remains in custody, and some particulars have been recently ascertained to strengthen the suspicions entertained against him. At this stage it would not, perhaps, be prudent to disclose more of the circumstances connected with the affair.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MR. ROBERTS, THE POET, died on Tuesday morning, at his house in St. James's Place, in the presence of Dr. Beattie and Mr. E. Paine, his attendant.

SIR HAMILTON SETMOUR, the English Ambassador at Vienna, dined with Count Bani, Dec. 8, and on the 16th with Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, an engagement which has caused some surprise at Vienna, as the Prince is a known partisan of Russia.

THE FEES OF THE DEFENDANT'S COUNSEL in the slow-poisoning case at Burdon—of which we last week gave full particulars, were, for Sergeant Wilkins, 200 guineas; Mr. Overend, 100 guineas; and Mr. Laurie, 50 guineas.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has contradicted the report of his appointment as Librarian of the Vatican.

M. MARIN, ex-President of the Republic of Venice, has lately addressed a letter to the French papers calling upon them to express themselves in favour of Italian unity and independence, as the people of Italy unjustly believe that France and England by reason of petty rivalries are hostile to Italian unity.

BARON DE BOULLE, formerly page to Louis XVI., and Knight of the Order of St. Louis, has just died at Rouen, at the age of 89.

4,500 MULES have lately been brought to Piedmont, for the British Government; and of these, 3,000 have already been shipped to the Crimea.

THE QUEEN has conferred the appointment of military knight of Windsor upon Captain Logan, late of the 7th Fusiliers.

THE DIRECTORS of the Bank of London have purchased the premises adjoining their branch establishment at Charing Cross, in order to meet the requirements of their business.

ABOUT 100 of the Royal Aberdeenshire Militia have volunteered into the Line. NAPOLEON'S TOMB, in the Hotel des Invalides, is now to be only open on Mondays to the public, and on Thursdays to foreigners, with passports; and on both days from twelve to three.

LORD SANDON, a youth of twenty-four, and son of the Earl of Harrowby, has been appointed Private Secretary to the New Colonial Minister.

JENNY LIND is engaged to sing at Liverpool, on the 4th and 7th of January. THE EARL OF LUCAN has been appointed Colonel of the 8th Hussars.

MR. WOOD, Chairman of the Inland Revenue Board, has offered as a price to be competed for in the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institution, a situation in the Inland Revenue, which the Chairman will hold himself ready to provide yearly.

GENERAL WILLIAMS has been named "Mushir," or full general in the Turkish service, and honoured with the Medal of the first class.

PETER SMITH, of the 10th Foot, has been tried by court-martial, at Chatham, for pawing his medal, &c.; and Private Fitch, of the 57th, for making away with his regimental necessaries, and both found guilty.

THE KING OF SARDINIA was absent from his Kingdom exactly three weeks.

COUNT WIELIKORSKY, who before the war was Secretary to the Russian Embassy in London, and who was lately sent into the Crimea by the Empress of Russia, to distribute gifts of money, &c., to the wounded, has just died at Simpheropol, from typhus fever.

THE BASHI-BAZOUKS have nearly caused a revolution at Adrianople, having carried off some Turkish women, insulted others in the streets and in private houses, which they have entered by main force, ill-treated some of the French soldiers, and wounded several of their own English officers.

LORD EBRINGTON, Sir John Shelley, and Mr. Roebuck, have been named as candidates for the Chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

THE DRAPERS and hat-makers of Northampton have given notice that their shops will be closed on Monday, the 24th, so as to give three clear Christmas holidays to those in their employ.

SOME FRENCH CAPITALISTS have offered to construct 1,500 miles of railway in Spain, taking national property as a guarantee.

DR. EDOUARD VERSE, the author of a work entitled "The History of the Petty German Courts," has just been arrested at Berlin, and the work has been seized.

THE PEARL BUTTON trade at Birmingham has revived, owing to the increased use of that article in the ornamentation of ladies' dresses.

LADY COCHRANE, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir T. Cochrane, commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, has received a magnificent present from the King of Sardinia, consisting of a pair of diamonds exquisitely relieved.

MADAME MONNIER, sister of Marshal Ney, and widow of the late Receiver-General of the Menthe, has just expired at Nancy, at the age of 84.

THE CAIR, on seeing the ruins of Sebastopol, is said to have shed tears abundantly, and exclaimed, "Peace is now impossible!"

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS Metropolitan Cattle Market, was held at Copenhagen Fields, on Monday morning, when there was a large display of fat stock.

THE DEPUTY HIGH STEWARDSHIP of the University of Cambridge, which has become vacant by the death of Mr. John Cowling, barrister-at-law, is, it is said, to be conferred upon Mr. John George Shaw Lefevre, of Trinity College, Assistant-Clerk of the Parliaments, and younger brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

MIDLE, RACHEL, of whom we gave a portrait in No. X., is reported to have died at Philadelphia, on the 7th ult., of inflammation in the chest, brought on by fatigue and extreme cold.

A FATHER and two children, named Partridge, residing at Belladon, Leicester, were on Sunday last poisoned, by the pudding which they had for dinner, and are in extreme peril.

DR. VAUGHAN'S CASE, which stood for trial at the Central Criminal Court, has been removed by certiorari into the Court of Queen's Bench.

LADY MARGARET DE BUECH, daughter of the Marquis of Clanricarde, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with Mr. Beaumont, M.P. for South Northumberland.

M. JULIEN, having brought his concerts at Covent Garden to a close on Saturday evening last, had a grand Bal Masqué on Monday night, which went off merrily, as usual, and attracted crowds of gaily dressed masqueraders and more soberly attired spectators.

GENERAL KOVALEVSKI, the Russian commander, has died at St. Petersburg from the effect of the wounds he received at the assault upon Kars.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has received a letter from the President of the Republic of Costa Rica, congratulating his Majesty on the taking of Sebastopol.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who arrived last week at Clumber, has, we believe, been offered the Garter vacant by the death of the late Duke of Somerset.

M. YALDES, Charge d'Affaires of Portugal at Copenhagen, suddenly disappeared on the very day he had been a guest at the dinner given by the Court in honour of General Canrobert's arrival; and his body has been found in one of the canals of the city.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has conferred the Grand Cross of St. Ferdinand upon Marshal Pelissier.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT, desiring to relieve the wounded, the orphans, and the widows of the French army in the Crimea, has offered to the French Government the whole of the rich and curious articles sent by Egypt to the Paris Exposition.

GENERAL CANROBERT, when at Kiel, is said to have held a serious consultation with Admirals Penard and Dundas, with reference to the combined operations of the fleet and land forces in the Baltic next year.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND, by an Order in Council, has been empowered to issue additional notes to the amount of £475,000, according to the act of 1844.

AN EQUESTRIAN Statue of Napoleon the First is about to be erected at Cherbourg, facing the sea.

THE HOUSE OF HOPE, is stated to be the banking firm which has lately concluded a loan with Russia—Mr. Hope being a resident in Paris, and, some say, a naturalised Englishman.

THE ALGIERS JOURNALS announce the death of Ahmed Bacha Zornadji, aged 107, formerly musician to the last Bey.

ACCOUNTS from the Crimea assert that next spring the English army will be divided into two corps d'armee, one of which is to be commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, and the other by General Eyre.

THE HAMILTON and Toronto line of the Great Western Railway of Canada, was successfully opened for traffic on the 3rd inst.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT are obtaining large supplies of Minié rifles from Liege, and causing others to be made at their factories at Tula, on the model of some taken from the French before Sebastopol.

THE COLOGNE GAZETTE, mentions that a large fire had broken out at the military settlements, from which the cavalry have just been drawn; and that vast stores collected by the troopers for men and horses have been destroyed.

THE GRENADIER GUARDS, who have during the last three months been stationed at the camp at Aldershot, have just quitted the camp, and have been quartered at Windsor, the Tower, and at Portman Street barracks.

THE HON. MR. BYNG has been appointed the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the South-Eastern Railway.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT have taken steps, at the suggestion of the Emperor, for improving the breed of horses for the army, by means of introducing more freely Arab blood amongst the horses of the French regiments.

THE CASE of Nash v. Lord Ernest Vane, was tried before the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday last, when the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £25.

among the Paná Indians, and thus gets into such favour with the Wacoes, a hostile tribe, that the latter elect him as their chief.

among the Paná Indians, and thus gets into such favour with the Wacoes, a hostile tribe, that the latter elect him as their chief.

in, these military personages cause his mother and sister to be treated with horrid brutality; and the cibolero on remembering what had occurred, resolves upon a terrible retri-

Such being the author, and such the man, we were, of course, considering our subject, prepared to find the volumes before us replete with passages interesting in themselves, and illustrative of that wild life of loneliness and ferocity which Captain Reed had formerly represented so admirably so well; and, in this respect, we have certainly been in no way disappointed. We must, however, while saying this, guard ourselves by

appointed. It was, however, while saying this, guarding himself by adding, that we do not come for the "White Chief" quite equal to Captain Reid's former efforts, and that we are at a loss to conceive the cause. When Sheridan delayed writing another comedy, it was understood that he stood in awe of the author of the "School for Scandal," and we can well imagine Captain Reid, while engaged with this "Legend of Northern Mexico," being a little borne down by the popular celebrity he had acquired as the author of "Rifle Rangers" and "Scalp Hunters." Besides, on former occasions, Captain Reid professed no higher aim than to amuse. His work we consider as a good deal more ambitious, and as having pretensions to the character of an historical novel, being, in fact, an attempt to present a picture of life and manners in North America, this time last century. Having said so much, and not wishing to indulge in minute criticism, or point out trivial faults, let us endeavor to present our readers with such an outline of the narrative as our limits permit, considering that this, though assuredly not the easiest, is by far the pleasantest method of dealing with such

[illegible]

That is the valley of San Ildefonso. Wild though it appears, it was once a kind of cultivated tract. Near its centre you may note some small ruins scattered over the ground. But for the trees and rank weeds that cover them, a man there beholds the ruins of a city.

"It is now the hour after midnight. The moon has been down for some time, and the cirrus clouds, that for a while had reflected her light, have been gradually growing darker. Objects can no longer be distinguished at the distance formerly met. The huge pile of the Promida, looming against the leaden sky, is black and gloomy. The sentinel cannot be seen upon the turrets, but a faint light in his shrill voice among the 'Centinels alert!' tells that he is at his post."

A lantern burns by the sentinel. Its light, radiating to some distance, does not reach him—he sees them not!

A rushing noise at length reaches his ear. The ‘*quien viva*’ is upon him; but he has not time to utter the words. Half-a-dozen bow-strings twang simultaneously, and do many arrows bury themselves in his flesh. His heart is torn, and he dies almost without uttering a groan!

forms pours into the open gateway. The guard, but half-awake, can lay hand upon their weapons! Every of the Wagner peals out in earnest, and the hundreds speak like a torrent through the sultan. The doors of the "curtus" are besieged—soldiers, come forth in their shirts, and fall under the spears of the Cubans and pistols crack on all sides, but those who

and the shouting of his followers—the crashing of timber, as doors were broken through or forced from their hinges—the clashing of swords and spears, and the quick detonation of fire-arrows. Once it was a terrible conflict! It ended at length. An almost total silence followed. The warriors no longer

"No—not all. There are two who survive—two whose lives have been spared. Vizcaina and Roblado yet live!

Files of wood are now heaped against the timber posts of the building, and set on fire. Volumes of smoke roll to the sky, mingling with sheets of red flame. The huge pan-beams of the azotea catch the blaze, burn, crackle, and fall inward, and in a short while the Presidio becomes a mass of smoking ruins!

"But the red warriors have not waited for this. The revenge of their leader is not yet complete. It is not to the soldiers alone that he owes vengeance. He has sworn it to the citizens as well. The whole settlement is to be de-

"And well this oath was kept, for before the sun rose San Ildefonso was in flames. The arrow, and the spear, and the tomahawk, did their work; and men, women, and children, perished in hundreds under the blazing roofs of their houses!

“With the exception of the Tazuo Indians, few survived to tell of that horrid massacre. A few whites only—the unhappy father of Catalina among the rest—were permitted to escape, and carry their broken fortunes to another settlement.

East of San Ildefonso—town, Presidio, mission, haciendas, and ranchos—in

The short space of twelve hours had ceased to exist. The dwellers of that lovely valley were no more!

"The setting sun saw that long line of Indian warriors filing from the valley, and heading for the plain of the Llano Estacado. But they went not as they had come. They returned to their country laden with the plunder of San Ildefonso

"The cholero still rode at their head, and Don Juan the ranchero was by his side. The fearful scenes through which they had just passed, shadowed the brows of both; but these shadows became lighter as they dwelt on the prospect before them. Each looked forward to a happy greeting at the end of his journey.

"Carlos did not remain long among his Indian friends. Loaded with the treasure they had promised, he proceeded further east, and established a plantation upon the Red River of Louisiana. Here, in the company of his beautiful wife, his sister, and some of his old servants, he led in after years a life of peace and prosperity.

"Now and then he made hunting excursions into the country of his old friends the Wacocos—who were ever glad to see him again, and still hailed him as their chief."

We regret, exceedingly, that we can only present so meagre a sketch and faint an outline of this extraordinary work of romance. The book, however,

will well repay perusal—being, as the reader will find, full of terrible perils, desperate encounters, dire catastrophes, and stern reprisals. The style is, on the whole, captivating; and the interest seldom flags. Few, especially those who read for excitement, can fail to find there what they seek. In-

deed, the art with which the dashing author arrests the attention, and the rapidity with which he boldly carries us through his varying scenes, are all but unrivalled. There is, if we remember aright, an exclamation in one of Gray's Letters, "Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon!" And how many noble deeds that man will attempt!

The Fire of St. Agnes. By JOHN KEATS. Illustrated by EDWARD H.

'THIS is an edition of Keats's beautifully elaborated trifle. Printed on paper you are afraid to touch without white kid gloves bound in a mas-

We like these *éditions de luxe* of the works of great authors. We confess to an idolatrous weakness in favour of decorating our favourite

literary shrines in the most sumptuous manner possible. We should like to possess a folio "Shakspeare," bound in gold with jewelled clasps. We

Mr. Weinert is not a very good Hamlet; on the contrary, we are bound to pronounce him a "bit of a stick." The stage-managership, therefore, of Mr. Joseph Cundall, the excellent performance of Messrs. Harral, Bolton, and Coomer, the engravers (Horatio, Rosenkrantz, and Guildenstern, let us call them); the spotless and unimpeachable foppery of Mr. Clay, the printer (who may be looked on as Osric), are, to a great extent, thrown away in the present production. The "properties" are splendid, the costumes are faultlessly correct—every minor department is filled in the strictest proportionate justice to the excellence of the drama; but, we repeat, that the "leading tragedian" is queer.

Mr. Wehnert has been long known as one of the most prolific contributors to our water-colour exhibitions. A severe course of academical study has enabled him to draw boldly; he has a good eye for colour, and a certain largeness of character has led to his triumphing over the difficulties of his favourite material—so far even as to earn him a reputation for having developed and extended the resources of water-colour painting as a means of art. Mr. Wehnert is, in short, an excellent painter of water-colour pictures; but a water-colour (like an oil-colour) painting may be excellent for many reasons, apart from the intrinsic germ which makes art precious. We know no more efficient test of an artist's innermost powers than requiring him to express himself in black and white (most especially on wood), where the bare thought is expressed, unaided by the meretricious charms of colour, varnish, and gilding.

Mr. Wehnert has repeatedly submitted himself to this of late, and has certainly not emerged triumphant. In a word, he is commonplace. He is a German (at least, we suppose so from his name—a supposition strengthened by his manner of treatment), and, as such, seems to consider he has a prescriptive right to be mystic and fanciful (much as men who have been favoured with a university education believe themselves authors by a species of right divine, whether they can spell the English language or not). His employers have therefore, apparently, taken him at his own and the world's valuation, and selected him as the most fitting man to illustrate the founder of all modern mystic and fanciful poetry—John Keats.

A greater mistake could not have been committed. Mr. Wehnert is about as fit to illustrate Keats as Mr. Braid or Mr. William Farren (junior) is to play Hamlet. Wehnert is marvellously correct in costume and locality (as Braid or Farren might be in parallel matters, with the assistance of the costumer and stage manager); but the author's meaning does not reach him. His "Beadsman" is attired unquestionably in the dress of the monastic order to which he may be supposed to belong; but that Beadsman's face and character are stark naught. Madeline is scrupulously medieval, and the details of the glass window at which she is praying might satisfy even the archaeological exigencies of Ruskin himself; but the Madeline is more like Wehnert's cook-maid than Keats's Virgin. The moonlit corridor (page 14) through which old Angela is leading young Porphyro is faultless as to architecture, perspective, and *chiaro scuro*, but, in the preceding page, the costume and context alone enable you to discover whether the said Angela is a young man or an old woman. The gallant Porphyro himself is represented throughout with the countenance of an itinerant Jew tradesman in the lead-pencil line, and with the bulk and bearing of a prizefighter.

These violent exceptions to a work undertaken with so obviously laudable a spirit may seem invidious—they are actuated by the purest feeling of justice. We detest those frail and spurious reputations which the corrupt state of modern criticism have called into existence, so highly detrimental to the real interests of art. We honour and revere Keats, as a loving, love-inspiring poet; we respect Mr. Cundall, as a patron and promulgator of art; and we respect (as we have already indicated) Mr. Wehnert as an artist, in his peculiar sphere. But Mr. Wehnert knows no more about Keats than the man in the moon; and Mr. Cundall, by employing him to illustrate Keats, has done serious injustice to Keats, Cundall, and Wehnert—all three—names that the lovers of art cannot hear to see brought into contempt or question. It is the old grievance of "the right man in the right place."

'THE GUARDS AND THE LINE.—A memorial from the Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels of the Brigade of Guards has been presented to the Queen, submitting for her Majesty's consideration the following proposals:—"1. That the Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels of the Guards, existing as such on the 20th of June, 1854, should receive their rank of Colonel on completion of three years' service as Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels; and, 2. That the period of service after which it would be equitable to grant the rank of Colonel to the Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels who have attained that rank subsequently to the 20th of June, 1854, should be reconsidered, with the view of giving them an equal chance in the race of promotion with the Line." In the lengthened memorial which accompanies these proposals, the memorialists undertake to prove to her Majesty that the average service in the Line of an officer before he obtains the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel is 22 years and 2 months, while the average service of an Acting Major or Mounted Officer in the Guards is 24 years and 11 months—so that the Guards are two years longer in arriving at the starting point for Generals than the Lieutenant-Colonels of the Line; and, discarding those Lieutenant-Colonels who obtained their commissions without purchase (a purely arbitrary elimination), the difference is three years and four months against the Guards and in favour of the Line. The document in question bears date the 17th of August, and is subscribed by Prince Albert, Lord Straford, the Duke of Cambridge, and Colonels Wood, Upton, and Moncrieffe. The "Times" in concluding an article on the Memorial, says—"Let the Guards take their turn in the Antilles, in India, in Ceylon, and they will probably find that a Mounted Officer is no longer two years more in obtaining his rank than a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Line, and that the slowness of promotion, of which Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge so pathetically complain, and of which they are such melancholy instances, has been effectually if not agreeably remedied."

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND THE REPRESENTATION OF GLASGOW.—This distinguished officer having been applied to by a number of the citizens of Glasgow, to allow himself to be nominated for the representation in the event of a dissolution of Parliament, wrote:—"I intend leaving this country for my post in the Crimea in a few days; but I am most deeply sensible of the high honour contemplated by the gentlemen whose sentiments you represent, which I request you will express to them. At the same time I would add that, as from the age of fifteen I have devoted my best energies to the profession of a soldier, I have had no time to give to the consideration of those subjects in which the prosperity of so great a commercial city as Glasgow is concerned. I therefore feel that I could not do justice to the position which I might obtain through the good opinion of its electors, and I therefore purpose, as long as it pleases the Almighty to give me health and strength, to persevere in a profession to which I am ardently attached and devoted." The baggage and camp requirements of this distinguished man left on Tuesday for the Crimea. Sir Colin follows almost immediately.

MR. THACKERAY IN AMERICA.—There is a good story told of Thackeray, in America, whose lectures, however highly they may be paid for, are not setting the Hudson on fire. The day after he arrived in New York, he said, in the afternoon, to an acquaintance, "A Mr. Astor has called on me, and left his card; do you know anything about him?" The New York papers are indignant at this (and, really, Mr. Astor's is the name of a world-wide capitalist). They ask, what would be said of the ignorance of an American lecturer who should inquire, in London, "I had a visit to-day from a Mr. Rothschild; do you know anything about him?" However, there is a difference between an Astor and a Rothschild.—London Correspondent of the "Manchester Advertiser."

"This Carlos, a cibolero or buffalo-hunter, is the hero of this romance; and a wonderful fellow he proves, both in love and war. Notwithstanding his poverty and obscurity, both dreadful crimes in the eyes of the fair sex, so many have found to their mortification, Carlos has the fortune to captivate the heart of a lovely Mexican damsel, Catalina de Cruces, daughter of a minor of boundless wealth, and the acknowledged belle of the place; and while on a hunting and trading expedition, he kills in battle, a warrior



CRIMEA—SCENE IN OFFICER'S HUT.—(DESIGNED BY T. H. WILSON.)



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN ON CHRISTMAS EVE.—(DESIGNED BY GUSTAVE JANET.)



CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA—FEAST AT THE DIGGINGS.—(DESIGNED BY W. MCCONNELL.)



CHRISTMAS AT SEA—JACK'S MESS.—(DESIGNED BY E. T. DOLBY.)

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES

CHRISTMAS EXTRA NUMBER.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

"Give us peace in our time, O Lord!"—COMMON PRAYER.

Oh, pray for peace within the cloistered wall,
In soft lin'd pew, on downy cushion kneeling;
Little thou reck'st of war, but yet for all
Humanity's dear sake cease not appealing.

Oh, pray for peace by every fireside altar,
Rear'd in the happy homes of this fair land;
Yet what know ye of war, save where ye falter
At some lov'd name—one of the hero band,

Whose place stands vacant by ye, who has gone
Forth from his friends and home; and, oh, the anguish,
To think that—stricken down, unheeded, lone,
While ye pray here in quiet, he may languish.

Yes, pray at home in quiet; but yet know
How from the inmost heart would come this prayer,
Couldst thou but view war's dire and ghastly show,
Hear the deep groans, and see the mis'ries there.

Come to the field—the fatal field—where lying,
Gasping and faint, are men once brave and bold;
In one commingled heap, the dead and dying,
Hearts that still faintly beat, and hearts grown cold.

There, midst the clamour of the battle strife,
The dying head pillowed on gory clay;

With no kind word to soothe the parting life;
Those souls are passing, or have passed away.

Come to these lonely heights where buried lie—
To British hearts so dear—the nobly brave;
Manhood and youth—heroes who dared to die
In freedom's cause—here sleep in glory's grave.

Gone down to death; but not alone they're sleeping,
Buried with them are hopes, and joys, and love;
The orphan's wail, the widow's hopeless weeping,
Ever resound the victor's cry above.

Think on the woe that with the war-cry comes;
The blood and tears that mark its ruthless track;
The vacant hearts, and desolated homes;
Oh, what for these can glory yield us back?

True, worse than war lives in the tyrant's sway,
And man, the poor enslav'd one, must endure;
Yet think on these, and thou wilt kneel and pray
Those ills removed that need such deadly cure.

I pray for the time thou may'st not live to see—
The happy time when wars for ever cease;
We know not when the blessed time may be
Yet pray we still for universal peace.

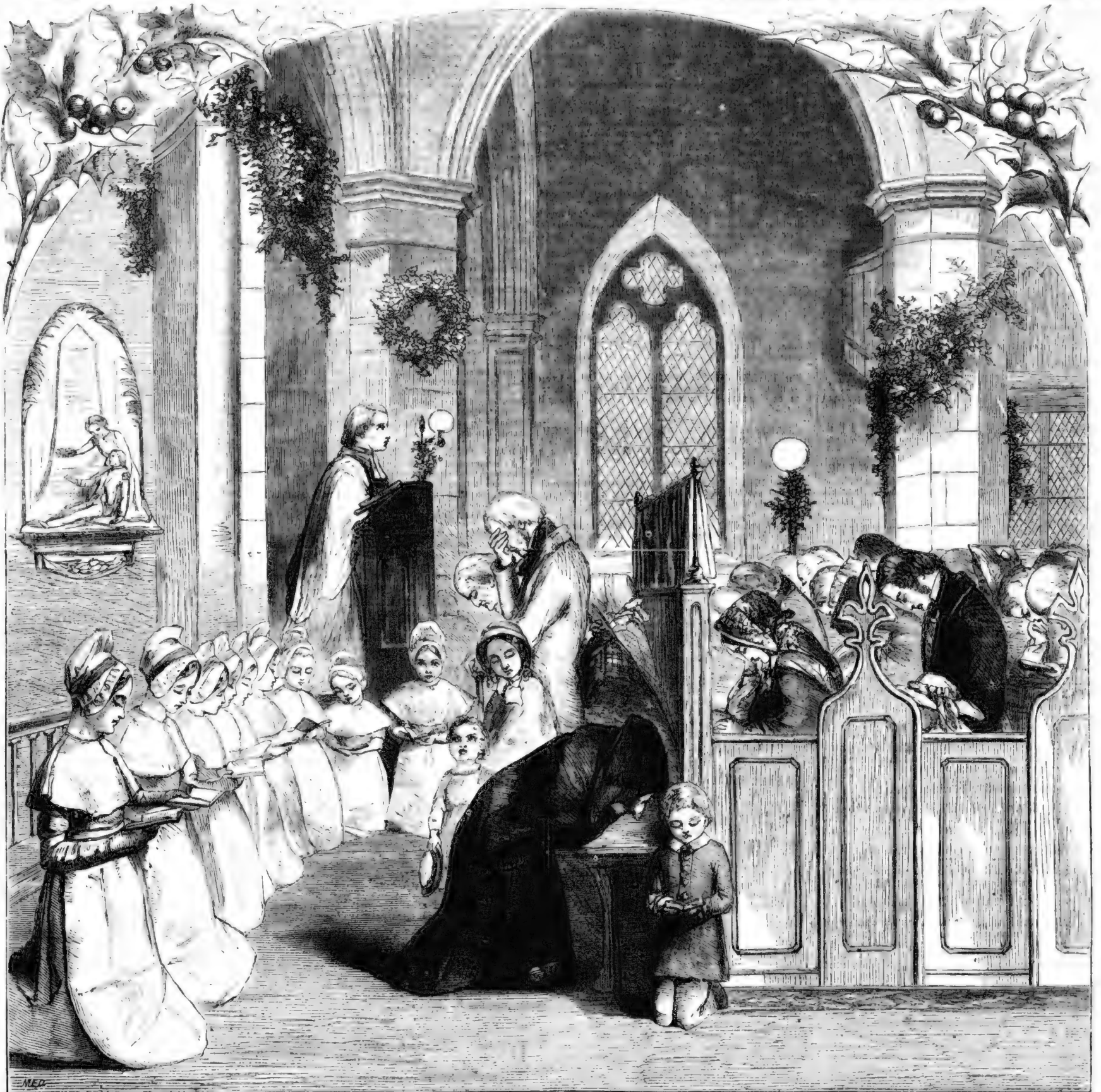
CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EDMUND H. YATES.

(See Illustrations on pages 464 and 465.)

THE olden time! The fine old times—the glorious old days—the age of chivalry, when to be honourable and nobly born was better than to be rich;—when a man's pedigree was thought more of than his banker's book—when beauty's cheek flushed at the recital of noble deeds, and beauty's hand was bestowed on the gallant, though unknown knight, rather than on the rich citizen—when through the breathless lists the war-horses rushed like lightning to the charge, and shouts of "A De Courcy!" "A De Gency!" rent the air. The glorious olden time, when Robin Hood and Little John laughed their lives away in Sherwood Forest—when that fine fellow, Cœur de Lion, used to go about in various disguises, using both his royal influence and personal strength for the advantage of his distressed and virtuous subjects; when an eloquent hermit, by the fire of his words, could rouse thousands to such a pitch of religious frenzy, that they gave up home, land, connections, and hurried away whither they knew not, to fight for what they were entirely ignorant of! The jolly old days, when every nobleman had his castle and his court—when the ale and wine were flowing all day long—when the jesters were perpetually going about saying funny things, and playing the most humorous practical jokes—when it was "merry in the hall, and the beards wagged all" (which must have been the height of jocularity)—when old squires sat in doublet and trunk hose, and quaffed huge flagons of the finest Rhenish, for the purpose of imparting an accession of caloric to their nasal organs—when houseless wanderers were not driven from the hall, nor told to go to the relieving officer, nor passed on to another parish, nor rewarded with a mendicity ticket for soup, nor

C. S.



CHRISTMAS PRAYER FOR PEACE.—(DESIGNED BY M. E. DEAR.)

They fought the battle, here the Cross,
That truth shall never suffer loss.

... the Cross, no Crown!
... the Cross, no Crown!

It should sometimes would droop her wing,
When envious arrows sped the sting,
... like a trumpet's martial strains,
... country's voice thrilled through his veins;
... of the critic's ire,
... glowed with immortal fire;
... like a man in earnest, he
On thought's Parnassus toiled wearily,—
No Cross, no Crown!

And thus he woke his spirit's strings
To music's rare harmonies;
To Love and Freedom, Truth and Right,
Justice and Mercy, gods of light!
Oh! cheering tell those golden words
Upon his worn heart's tender chords:
In death those words his spirit bore,
And chants them still for evermore—
No Cross, no Crown!

This be the motto of the brave,
And this the watchword of the slave;
The Patriot's, with the people's scars;
The Martyr's, with his garland-thorns.
Whoever seeks to win a name,
Whoever toils for Freedom's fame,
Whoever human tears would dry,
Let this for ever be his cry,—
No Cross, no Crown!

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(See Illustrations, page 475.)

We pity the man who neither receives nor makes a present during Christmas time. It is not the intrinsic value of the thing presented that makes it acceptable. We may receive a gift of the most costly nature, yet, knowing that it came from one whom we despise, we absolutely grudge the pleasure for carriage, and wonder at the fellow's impudence for sending it. We may receive a present, insignificant perhaps to every eye but ours—a little book, perchance, that we could purchase at the nearest stall for something like a shilling; and yet that humble offering at the shrine of Christmas and of friendship shall be priceless to us, as a testimonial of regard from one kind loving heart—a proof that we are not forgotten.

Our artists have in another page depicted scenes we love to dwell upon. Begin we with the first. We see a merchant in his counting-house. He is surrounded by his ledgers and his cash-books, his clerks, his money-boxes, and all that speaks of business and prosperity. It is a busy time with him, an hour of the day in which it would be difficult to get a word from him, and yet that very ordinary plebeian porter, dressed in common undress, is welcome—doubly welcome, in that rich man's case. The porter brings a turkey—a Christmas present; and, though the carriage of the turkey has been paid in advance, and the wearer of the corduroy has not the slightest claim upon him, the wealthy merchant, the stern man of business, never thinks how the Dr. and Cr. account may stand between them, but tumbles in his pockets until he fishes out a half-crown to reward the porter for the happiness he brings. Ay! and he pays him without dreaming of demanding a receipt, a thing unprecedented (except at Christmas) in the annals of that most methodical and regular establishment.

Now, that old gentleman has not the least necessity for turkeys. He has already had more presents in that line than he well knows what to do with. Besides, supposing even he did want a turkey, a few shillings, a very tea, a few that he would never miss him, would suffice to buy him one. And he is not at all the man to put himself under an obligation for anything that money will procure. Why, then, should he, strict man of business as he is, thus squander two-and-sixpence, give half-a-crown to one who simply does a piece of service he is paid for in advance, just because he brings an additional turkey for his already overstocked larder? Why should he thus forget the natural laws of trade, supply and demand, and all the rest of it? Well knowing, as he does, that as far as he is concerned, turkeys are a perfect drug in the market, not only gladly welcome a new turkey, but also the porter? Why? Simply because the turkey comes at Christmas time, and represents an article that money cannot purchase. It is not the happiness of the bird, the toothsome bits about the breast, the fleshy drumsticks, so glorious for "deviling" next morning, that makes it welcome; it is the feeling that he is remembered kindly—that the friend who sends that turkey thinks of him; and that in this happy Christmas time, when every tie of friendship is drawn closer, he holds a place in some one's recollection; it is because that turkey represents, not so much poultry, but kind feelings, friendly remembrances, and loving thoughts. As the warm grasp of hands is, in its physical sense, only the touch of cuticle with cuticle, the movements of a certain set of muscles, yet, when the grasp is that of one we love, how much is meant by it!

Our blessings upon Christmas presents, and the senders of them! Ay, and upon the recipients of them also; for to receive a Christmas present properly requires no less a warmth of heart, no less a jovial, happy, opening of the spirit, than it doth to send them.

But of all Christmas presents, there is nothing like the child's. Grown men and women may, perhaps, appreciate more deeply the sentiment that clothes in Christmas presents; but the child, taken on Boxing Day by grandmamma, by Uncle George, or godpapa to the bazaar, seems in the seventh heaven. Oh! the delight of stooping through those seemingly inexhaustible treasures of toys! To look with longing eyes upon a doll cunningly dressed, so that on the lifting of its arm it speaks! Then to be asked if she would like that doll, and to be on the very point of having it, when the melodious sounds of a tin whistle at once drive far away all thoughts of dolls, and fix the aspirations of the would-be purchaser on instruments of music. And then the endless doublings, as to which would be jolliest, a fiddle or a drum! And then again those boxes, where the whole of a Continental village, houses, parish-church, and trees—such toys!—are only waiting for the youthful architect to set them up, just as he scolds his fancy, without regard to sanitary commissioners, police, building surveys, or anything unpleasant. Then, the dissected puzzles—Europe put up in little pieces, enabling the possessor of the treasure at once to answer the long-mooted question, "Shall Poland be blotted from the map of Europe?" simply by losing it. Enabling him to "crumple up" Russia far more effectually than Mr. Cobden could ever hope to do, by just detaching it from the stiffening wood behind it. And then the jacks-in-boxes, the tin trumpets, the swords, the guns, the little popping-pistols that shoot corks as far as six inches of twine attached will let them; the melodious fruits, pears, apples, oranges, that, as you suck them, give forth music—the hoops, the tops, the marbles! One grand *embarras de richesses* that makes selection all but impossible, and causes hours to be spent in settling how to spend a shilling.

One of our artists has depicted that grand Elysium of childhood, the Lowther Arcade upon Boxing Day. We have often thought an interesting and most learned article might be written upon the physiology of the frowns, the desert waste of the forehead, the stern and sombre quality of the Burlington, &c. But of all others, commend us to the happy, laughing, childish Lowther. Ay, and the Lowther upon Boxing Day rather than any other day throughout the year.

Dear to us love to see those little chubby faces—too soon to be converted into careworn, thoughtful visages, with sharpest noses to smell out again, and keenest eyes to search out wealth—now hesitating long and anxiously before the word is given which shall decide whether the capitalist

uncle, father, or elder sister, shall invest in this or that exciting six-pennyworth. Truly a miniature portrait of the world, with all its bargains, but, alas! with all its *malice*!—and old Lowther is in that *case*—without its cure!

And while these children hesitate and bargain, pigny imitations of the flags of England, France, Sardinia, Turkey—none of them bigger than a pocket-handkerchief—float over them. Commerce carried on securely with the emblems of warring nations around. Another symbol of the grown-up world we live in! Thank Heaven! with all the sacrifices we have been called upon to make, we still can find comfort in our homes—still feel what it is to welcome Christmas—still carry on our business though we are at war. And as in this same grown-up life of ours, the war has given an extraordinary impetus to certain trades among us, making the fortunes of our army-clothes, gunsmiths, accoutrement-makers and contractors; so, in the miniature world of toys we are describing, the martial element is most decidedly in the ascendant. Guns, flags, drums, pistols, swords, and trumpets, boxes of soldiers, and small model cannons, meet with a sale that has not been equalled within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the Lowther Arcade. Dolls—unless masculine dolls wearing the uniform of either army or navy—are at a discount, and the toy-seller who speculates this year too largely in pewter cups and saucers, Noah's arks, or other peaceful matters, may run a good chance of seeing his name in the "Gazette."

We could write column after column upon toys; but space warns us to be brief. Reluctantly we bid adieu to the Arcade and its bright-faced visitors. Long may they smile as gaily as at present, and for many Christmases to come, may they have open-heartedness, and simple-lovingness enough to take the same pleasure in receiving or in making Christmas Presents!

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE AT SCUTARI.

(See Illustration, page 460.)

All alone on Christmas Day!
Miles and miles and leagues away!
Wearing, watching, never ending,
O'er a stranger's sick bed bending,
One, whose name I know not, tending,
All alone on Christmas Day!

Home is more than home to-day,
Hearts are brighter, hearts more gay,
Brothers, now, are more than brothers,
Mothers, more than ever, mothers—
Home! the word belongs to others—
I have none—on Christmas Day!

I can see them, plain as day,
In that home so far away—
Oak logs crackling, lustres blazing,
Music sounding, dances mazing,
Merry jests the laughter raising,
There, at home, on Christmas Day!

Father, with his locks of gray,
Mother, boys, and sister May,
All in mirth and frolic vying—
Shame on me! their love denying,
They are sitting sad, and sighing—
"Where is she on Christmas Day?"

What my cause, my right, to stray,
From those dear ones far away—
In my pride of mission doing,
Strangers' beds with tears bedewing,
Leaving those who love me, rueing,
Sad and sore, on Christmas Day?

He, I'm watching night and day,
Will not let my cares repay
With a look—but rise and leave me,
Cured and thankful—scarce perceive me,
What's a Nurse?—Oh! God forgive me,
Sinning thus on Christmas Day!

There! it's past and gone away—
(Who can e'er weakness stay?)
This was, yet, my worst trial,
Vanquished—others, I defy all—
To my task of self-denial,
Task of love on Christmas Day!

Man unknown! with beard of gray,
Rescued from the murderous fray,
Thou shalt be my father, mother,
Sister, schoolmate, friend and brother,
All my love to thee—no other—
I will give this Christmas Day!

Father, mother! far away,
Loving children round ye play—
He who sleeps with tormented tresses,
Who nor child, nor friend possesses—
Wife and child, and all that blesses,
I will be on Christmas Day!

Wet the lips that gasping stray—
Smooth the locks too early gray—
Hush the step, the harsh door's creaking,
Scout the room, with fever reeking,
I am happy just all speaking,
Here alone on Christmas Day!

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT FROM GRANDPAPA AND GRANDMAMMA.

(See Illustration, page 437.)

How sweet is family affection! How delightful to the hearts of the old couple, who have lately seen their own little ones grow up from infancy to childhood, from childhood into adolescence, and at last to manhood and to womanhood—how sweet, we say, to behold their children's children cluster around them, when they call to pay their Christmas visit; to see them scrambling, pushing, climbing, almost fighting, who shall be first to give a kiss to grandpapa or welcome grandmamma! How pure is childhood's love! Men often cultivate acquaintances from interested motives. Your friend is sometimes nothing more than a man who hopes you will some day accept an accommodation bill for him, or who, you hope, will do as much for you. Even the sacred name of love has before now been known to mean no more than a mere hawking after dowries. Marriage itself is sometimes but a union of two adjacent estates, which it is thought would be much better joined in one—enclosed within a "ring" fence. But who shall ever dare accuse the child of sordid, interested motives in the bestowal of his love?

Grandpapa comes at Christmas time, his pockets crammed with toys. Dear grandmamma accompanies him, and she, kind soul! can hardly walk, so heavily is she laden with buns, lollipops, and sugar-candy. And the sweet innocents flock round them, dancing, screaming, crowding, so delighted are they to see the good old folks. Happy is the child who first can get its tiny arms around their necks! Happier still the one who first can get its tiny hand into their well-filled pockets!

Well does the writer of the present article remember his own childhood, and its pure disinterested love for his dear grandmamma. The eldest of a tolerably extensive family, he can distinctly recall to mind the time when, with the exception of "baby brother," who was too young to take into

account, he reigned supreme, alone, in the nursery. Then grandmamma would often come to see him, and she never came without expending just one penny sterling at the corner of the street, either on a delicious sponge-cake, a lump of milk-cake, or the honey-sweet. (The latter, by-the-by, was generally deemed "best," there were three-stacks a penny, and two were always put away for other days, the sponge-cake or hard-bake, which was all in one, and always given in its glorious totality, was much superior.) What a paragon of superhuman excellence was grandmamma at that time! What happiness her visits to the nursery gave birth to! How very glad we always were to see her! How very much we loved her!

But by and by the "baby brother" outgrew his former dependence—he slowly began to share the room with his elder brother. He was no longer "baby" for a little sister had arrived to take his place; and though jealously sticking up for his original rights, and combating step by step every attempt upon the other's part at getting up a claim, he, too, had first-born feet at length he must acknowledge there were two of them.

Still were the welcome visits of dear grandmamma continued. But there were no more sponge-cakes now. The good old lady, who was a perfect model of regularity and methodical habits, still spent the usual penny, and—the dreadful discovery soon flashed upon the mind of the original monarch of the nursery—she now bought halfpenny cakes! The hard-bake, too, was brought home in two halves. The only article in which there was no falling off was the formerly-despised barley-sugar, now at a premium. (It was not worth while putting one stick away, as there was one and a-half a piece, instead of one stick only, none of it being saved for future sucking.) Grandmamma still was a delightful woman; her visits still were hailed with joy, but, we are sorry to say, with only half as much enthusiasm as formerly.

And then the little sister came to be a playmate, and a recognised member of the party. How ominous it seemed the first day grandmamma (who still stuck to the original outlay) brought cakes at three a penny! The lumps of hard-bake, too, became painfully small, and barley-sugar once more stood at par (one stick a piece, exactly the original quotation). Grandmamma was no exceedingly nice woman. What a pity it was that she didn't come a little oftener to see us!

But when more brothers and more sisters came, the subdivisions of the pennyworths got by degrees to be ridiculous; and grandmamma, after a feeble effort to keep pace with the altered circumstances, by means of brandy-balls, acclimated drops, and other miserably small sweetmeats, at five, six, seven, eight a penny, gave it up altogether, quite driven to her wits' end in trying to discover how to lay out her money to advantage. And so she came generally empty-handed, sometimes creating a sensation, though, by unexpectedly producing the results of her economy, in the form of three or four pennyworths brought at once, with the peace overdue from previous visits. Thus hope was kept alive, as no one knew when the old lady knocked what might not come of it. The harassing uncertainty, however, and the frequent disappointment, much more than counter-balanced this; and, on the whole, grandmamma was not the woman that she had been.

Grandpapa was a much superior person. He very seldom came—not once perhaps for every twenty times that the old lady paid her visits—but when he did come there was no mistake about it. He invariably arrived absolutely loaded. Not with simple cakes and sweetstuffs, but with kites, and tops, and balls, and dolls; with puzzles, hoops, and little men that danced by pulling strings. A fine old chap was grandpapa. What stories he would tell—what games, what romps take part in. Poor grandmamma, with her quiet, demure air, sitting at needlework or knitting in the chimney-corner, was quite thrown in the shade whenever he was present. As much so as the taste of her last Tuesday's sugar-luns was forgotten in the contemplation of the magnificent new ship, with sails and rigging all complete, that grandpapa had brought that very day.

But it was at Christmas time that the old couple shone out strongest—both of them! The presents that were brought at that time were of surpassing splendour. The writer has in his possession at the present moment a battered antiquated magic lantern, with still more antiquated slides, presented—he would rather not say how many Christmases ago—by grandpapa. Oh, what a treasure it was at that time! Will he be laughed at if he says it is a treasure still? He exhibits it on rare occasions to his own children, but though often asked he will not give it to them; but keeps it as a relic of a good old man, whom he has learned to love and honour for something besides the toys he gave his grandson.

Let no one think us cynical in thus writing about childhood's love. We are quite ready to declare that children can and do love truly those who are kind to them. But children also love lollipops and toys, and if dear grandpapa and grandmamma will bring them upon all occasions, blame not the child who, while he hangs about their necks with real affection, cannot help thinking "What is in their pockets?"

CHRISTMAS AT EUSTON SQUARE.

A RHAPSODY.

(Found among the papers of the late Bernard Maguire).

AIR—The Groves of Blarney.

Oh, the Euston Station! What boisterous,
And tribulation at the Christmas time;
With the folks from Yorkshire, and the Pot'thry works sure,
And the coves from Cork sure with their brogue sublime.

With the engines steaming, and the cabmen scheming,
And the porter's laming you with box and truck;
And the lines and branches, and the grouse and haunches—
Sent as Christmas presents (which is some folk's luck)!

Oh! the noise and clangour, and the Welsh from Bangor—
Come up to London for to see the sights;
And the stokers, and cokers, and the red-hot poker—
Like Crofton Croker's tales of fairy lights.

And the precious caskets, and the big clothes baskets,
And the little boys from Mr. Squeer's school;
And the Grand Trunk Linings, and the two pound linings
For smoking pipes, which is against the rule.

And the big swell dragnets, and the Stockport bagmen;
And the pocket-pistols, and the patent guns;
And the luggage missing, and the ladies kissing
Their short-rock'd daughters and their long-legged sons.

The "good-byes" and "thankees," and the bilious Yankees,
And the Clashire chasers (made in costly Flint),
And the sugar-luns, and boys, and the peep-o'-day boys,
And the landlords come to town to spend their riot.

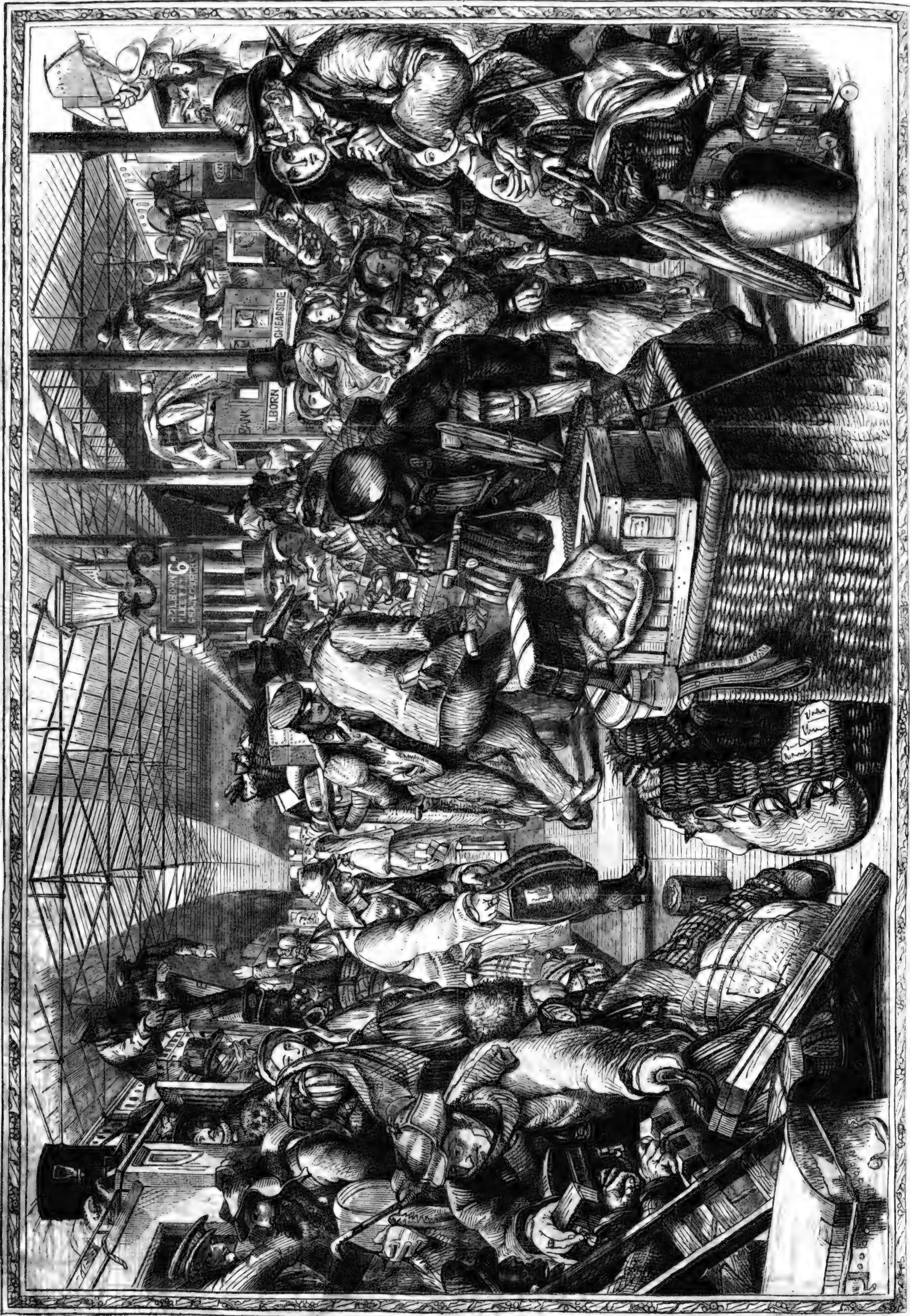
Oh! the mutton-chops, sir, and the coffee-shops, sir,
That the touters tempt you with; and the beds of down,
Which you can't get from, sir; and famed Peeping Tom, sir,
The Ribbon man, from Coventry's old town;

And the Rugby scholars, and the all-round collar;
And the Brummagem tradesmen with their bottled stout,
(The dreadful gluttons; they must make strong buttons,
They've been eating ever since the train set out!)

O the cabs and buses, and the rows and fusses—
The dogs run over and the tables lost;
And the station-master, through all disaster,
Whose equanimity is never crossed;

Such a tower of Babel—sure I'm scarcely able
To make my way alive and kicking through—
Hr! some Kinahan, there; look sharp, young man, there—
A merry Christmas, and the same to you.

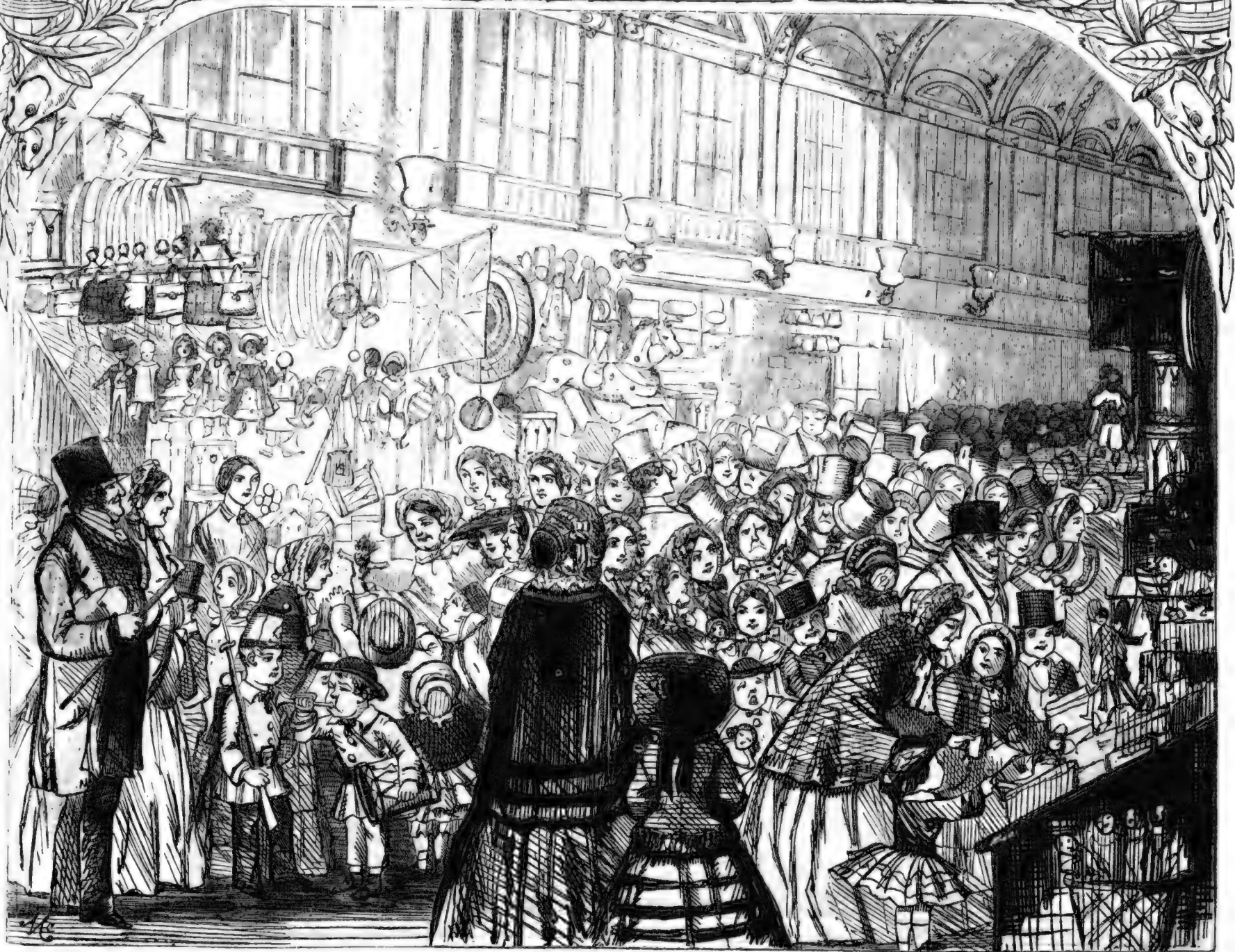
(See Illustration, page 456.)



THE RAILWAY STATION AT EUSTON SQUARE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.—DESIGNED BY H. J. TOWNSEND.



THE TURKEY.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THE TURKEY.—(DESIGNED BY PHIZ.) THE TOY BAZAAR.—(DESIGNED BY W. M'CONNELL.)

BY WILLIAM F. DOUGLASS.

formed him that the omnibus had reached its destination, and he found he was the only passenger remaining. And now it struck him to inquire where the destination they had reached might be, upon which he had the



(DESIGNED BY BIRKET FOSTER.)



GALLERY. BOXES; PIT.—(DESIGNED BY FRED.)



OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.—(DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS.)



CHRISTMAS GAMES.—(DESIGNED BY PHIZ.)

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

BY FITZ-URSE SWILLINGTON, R.N.
(See Illustration, page 469.)

The first Christmas I ever spent abroad, was in Marmoree Bay, in the old *Caliban*, 80-gun ship. Do you know Marmoree Bay? It is a very noble harbour in Asia Minor, nearly opposite the island of Rhodes—round, deep, with a narrow entrance (like the mouth of a Dutch bottle) protected by hills and lined by woods. The whole squadron were there. It was just at the close of the Syrian war, in 1810; and we had gone into harbour for the winter. We had polished off the Egyptians and other Easterns with a degree of vigour one would be glad to see now-a-days, elsewhere. They were easier to get at, poor wretches, than some people—but you know there is a regulation against writing in newspapers on professional topics, so I shall confine myself to social business. I say nothing—but if Fitz-Urse Swillington's advice were listened to, we should see—well, well! But pass the amber fluid, and let's have a tumbler, and go on with our reminiscences.

Bodger had the *Caliban*. He was a man of connections, in spite of his name, for you see his progenitor made a lot of money in the Seven Years War, and swapped his boroughs for the daughter of a Whig peer. Since that time the Bodger's have gone in for belonging to "our old nobility," and have had their big paws in the public money-bag to some purpose. Our man was an ill-favoured old gentleman with a mouth like a mouse-trap. He had the pick of the station, of course, and the *Caliban* had been early on the scene of war, where he distinguished himself. That is to say, he took the *Caliban* about, and got the credit of everything that was done by her. When the boats did anything, why they "warmly seconded" his exertions; and he stood and looked at them from the poop, with a telescope like an 18-pounder.

Amusements in Marmoree Bay were lively, though limited. There were riding parties got up when Paddy Blake, of the *Insolent*, tried the country's horses at stone walls—which they did not like any more than Admiral D—does! We had pic-nics, too, and found a few antiquities, a stone with a Greek inscription on it—which Bodger pronounced highly interesting—though, how did he know? was the remark of our mess. The natives, a picturesque set of rascals with queer guns and wonderful leggins—set up a kind of impromptu wooden town for the benefit of the squadron, where some Maltese started a liquor store. I was a youngster in those days, and my frequent job used to be to go on shore for the beef in the jolly boat—a very bloody business (much more so than some naval operations now-a-days!) in places where animals are so clumsily slaughtered. When all the jolly-boats met at the landing place, we youngsters used to have refreshments, of course—and arrange a race off to the squadron. For it blew hard occasionally in the bay, and the lark consisted in carrying on a dangerous amount of sail (to the infinite indignation of your skipper) in going on board again. I liked this work, for the *Caliban's* jolly could stand it, and had a thumping lugger rig. Unfortunately, my mast went over the side one afternoon, and Bodger (who had been shaking his fist at me from the gangway like a maniac) put me in watch-and-watch. It was near Christmas, however, so a friend among the lieutenants begged me off a week of the time fixed. I hate watch-and-watch—alternate four hours on deck and below—which interferes ridiculously with the laws of nature. I require my sleep.

Christmas, you see, softened even Captain Bodger. In fact, the Christmas tradition survives strongly in the navy. There, as everywhere, eating and drinking are the main features, but they are conducted on a scale of splendour when circumstances permit. To hang up mistletoe—and kiss Bodger—would, of course, be absurd; but you can have a great deal of jollity in a well-regulated vessel. I am afraid that drinking is the main point, and from time immemorial has been so in her Majesty's ships and vessels of war. In one vessel that I served in, our captain had seen a great deal of service, and on certain anniversaries used formally to give permission to be intoxicated to an old fore-castle man who had been with him—say at Copenhagen. Never did I know Bloksky (the fore-castle man was so called) neglect his commander's kindness!

The way we do about—I begin with the officers—is to arrange that one mess shall entertain another. In a big ship, for instance, the gun-room entertains the ward-room and captain, or rather way, about. We thought Bodger would ask us, but he didn't, so we asked him. With a condescension (so Kiss called it, the upper deck mate) highly flattering, he accepted. Ward-room men, commander, lieutenants, or so forth, were invited to meet him. A committee was appointed to arrange preliminaries, consisting of Kiss (who had a genius for design, and who was generally an ornamental man), Drowsy for the entables, and Tope for the wine. Tope was so active a functionary, that he kept trying the liquors for a week or two previously. There was to be some milk-punch, into the composition of which Tope threw the genius of his family and the experience of his life—for Tope was a man of bibulous ancestry, grandson of the Sir John Tope, who, when George the Third said to him, "They tell me, Sir John, you like a glass of wine," replied, "Then they misrepresent me, your Majesty—they should have said a bottle!" It was whispered, too, that he derived maternally from Toby Philpott, but this point I leave to the Herald's College. Tope and his fellow-committeemen went busily to work. The gun-room was to be adorned with flags, the staple of nautical decoration. They enwreathed the tiller, which traverses the gun-room; they formed part of an ornamental background (devised by Kiss), in which, mixed with laurel leaves, they formed a fit setting to the lustrous figure of Captain Bodger, who was to be placed in a conspicuous place of honour. Shooting parties were away at early morning, every now and then, for hares and red-legged partridges, and our steward and his satellites were in a state of noble activity. The gun-room mess had a hen-coop in the *Caliban* (I regret to say that there are captains who do not permit this), and their inmates died for the good of the service, like the old school.

When Christmas day came, the flower-deck of the *Caliban* presented a fine picture, and the captain and some officers marched in procession round to see the men preparing for their feast. Each mess, at its table between the guns, had a pudding about the size of a terrestrial globe, round, solid, and odorous, and stuck with paper flags and figures. A grand glow distinguished the nautical countenance, and the fellows received Captain Bodger with that ludicrous modesty—a kind of gigantic tameness, like the *fecility* of lions in the presence of Wombwell, which distinguishes our friend the "tar," though this last word, by the way, is now chiefly found in the nautical drama, and (therefore) belongs very little to nautical life. On his part, Captain Bodger stalked round the decks with a happy blending of dignity and familiarity, which, somehow, at once pleased and bored the objects of it. In the course of some experience of the service, I have observed that few fellows can hit the right mean in doing this kind of thing. It requires a certain union of the gentleman and man of the world, interpenetrated with a dash of the humourist, which belonged to the last generation rather than to ours. As a general rule, thorough-going potentates are more likely to have it than your half-and-half guns, like Bodger. But I digress.

The gun-room about six was in all its glory. The blaze of lamps lighted up the flags of every country in Europe—making the Yankee stars glitter, and the Turkish crescent gleam—and the eagles seem to wag their heads—and the tricolour flash like a rainbow. The band outside struck up the "Roast Beef of Old England"—and in at the head of our guests marched our friend Captain Bodger, bowing gravely, smiling pleasantly, expressing his approval of our taste in fitting up the place, and taking the seat prepared for him with much affability. As a youngster, I was naturally at a distant part of the table—which I did not regret—but I and Pipp and other youngsters looked at the old gentleman with awe, drank all the wine we could get hold of, and observed with interest and admiration the proceedings of the boatswain. That functionary in a man-of-war usually dines with the captain or officers on Christmas Day. He appears in full dress—that is to say, in a blue coat with brass buttons, and tails of enormous amplitude, and a yellow waistcoat about the size of a topgallant sail. Old Bobo of the *Caliban* was one of those men who take a great deal in a very quiet manner, so that the decanters vanish, you scarcely know how. After the pudding, I observed him unbuttoning a top button or two, etc.—whilst in nautical language, "shaking a reef out." A wine-glass glittered like a mere

hauble in his grand old red paw—he should have had a gold t. Bodger asked him to "wine," and his bow recalled Benbow and Cloudsly Shovel, and all those old heroes, whose coats we "chaff," and whose deeds we cannot emulate—who dined on junk and onions, and made England famous. If old Benbow could have looked in, just to swear at us in a friendly way, that evening—how he would have stared! White and gold china, with the mess arns on it, look and entrance, champagne and burgundy—while a new quarter case, painted white, in each corner of the apartment, showed that the sherry of Gordon of Gange was a familiar daily object! In the *Caliban* the youngsters were allowed wine, though this is not always the case, since some good old fellows are limited to Sarsaparilla, with a full true sarsaparilla drink "Sweetheart and Wines."

A certain tenor comes over the mind of Fitz-Urse Swillington (*blat* and *cries*) as he looks at the figures of that Christmas evening in the *Caliban*, and recalls the fellows who sat round the table, and the incidents of the feast. Where is Bodger? The guests are feeding on his grave in the cemetery of Norfolk! There he sat. He was so fondly as to tell us one or two stories, at which it was our professional duty to laugh, and at which we did laugh. The captain of marines, Grimmer, whose gruff voice, tight choker, red face, and naughty stories amused everybody, married in the decline of life the belle of a garrison town, and now people tell stories of him. Our "bung" Slammie, the second master, who was such a white liar that on his once being found veracious, we wrote up on a beam (marking the date), "Slammie told a positive fact." Slammie, I say, of the low forehead, long upper lip, black complexion, and hideous nose, now commands an East Indian man, and is himself commanded by a "serious" wife, who gets him into rows with his passengers for running short of fresh provisions. The commander has retired on half-pay, and moons about Plymouth in a blue great coat, incessantly criticising the war. Where are my brother youngsters? Musard went to the "Coast" in the *Spider*, was sacked for knocking down the gunner, and is sheep-farming in Australia. Bootle commanded a gun-boat at Swaborg, and asserts that he chiefly did the business—which is only disputed by every other gentleman who was in the same position. Delly *have no for a person* (as we phrase it), and came to an anchor in a country vicarage, where he is doing more good than we ever hoped of him. The rest are scattered over the world, from the Indian Ocean to the smoking-room of the "Rag." The old *Caliban* herself is lying in "ordinary" in the Medway, yellow and gloomy, and most unlike the *Caliban* of fifteen years ago. I shall go down there some day, and moralise on her.

Captain Bodger retired pretty early. He did not wait for Tope's "brew," even. You see, this kind of thing is all very pleasant and sociable, but somehow your skipper cannot unbend altogether. There is always an *arrière-pensée* on both sides about the service. You feel, as I always fancy the Lord Mayor must, when he entertains a foreign king—"All very well," I imagine him saying to himself, "but, hang it, Mugg, my man, this is not your line. He's a haffable gentleman enough, but what is Jack Mugg to your Charlemagne men?" Besides, not one captain in three dare trust himself out of his rank any more than George the Fourth dare have come aboard without his wig, his padding, his rouge, or the other constituents of his royalty.

After Bodger and some of the big men left, we set in for jollity. Tope sang a drinking song about Bacchus and joy, combining the mythology of the ancients with the morals of the "Green Man." The boatswain gave us a chant, of which I only remember—

— "Lord, how they did stare,
When they seed their gallant-masts and yards
Come tumbling through the air!"

one of those old songs breathing of the cannon and the can which you hear rising from the groups in the "waist," as the ship bows along on a moonlight night. The old man remembered a whole set of them—some recording the deeds of a century and a half ago, and which were fresh when the Trafalgar men were boys.

As the doors opened occasionally for the admission of more hot water, the distant sounds of the fiddle told that the whole ship was in a state of Saturnian jollity.

This was the kind of thing that went on in the old *Caliban*. I have passed many Christmases afloat since. The leading elements are much the same where circumstances permit. But of course you can't always expect to be in harbour, and a ship at sea is a different habitation. Then one watch only can be jolly at a time. Besides, there may be a gale of wind, and you may be in a small craft, and have nothing but ship's allowance to eat. But we stick to the business to the best of our means, you will be glad to hear. And whether it is Ballin's Bay and pennin, or the mouth of the Congo and tropical fruit, we do our best. There is an absurd utilitarianism about a spirit which, in its mildest form, is stupid and vulgar, and which, in its graver shapes, is hypocritical and hideous—a spirit that wants to knock all the old festival fun of Europe on the head. Why are all old customs to be abolished to please bores? I'm for sticking to the fun of Christmas, if only as a protest against the notion that man is solely a money-grubbing animal, or solely a serious animal in any shape. Man is a larking animal, as Jigger of the *Butard* observed at Malta when we serenaded our duns. At all events, he wants more amusement than he gets now-a-days, and Christmas is a time when amusement is tempered by other associations, and they (don't they?) mutually sweeten and elevate each other. Not that I'm a literary man, or have any gift for preaching on the subject, but there's the plain common sense of the thing, as we apprehend it at sea!

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

SPECULATION AND ACTING CHARADES.

(See Illustrations, page 477.)

SPECULATION is the easiest game in the world. It is played as follows:—Take probably the oldest joke of anybody's acquaintance—viz.—the one which asserts Speculation to be a word that frequently begins with the second letter—and set up to it, scrupulously. In other words, cheat horribly. Watch sedulously the movements and hands of your right and left neighbours, and sweep into your lap or pocket, as the case may be, as many of their counters as the opportunity will admit of. As, at the conclusion of the game, the holder of the largest number of counters is pronounced the great-winner, the policy of such a course need hardly be dwelt upon.

ACTING CHARADES, is a far more complicated game. To describe it would occupy at least half a column. We therefore prefer illustrating it by an example, which will probably absorb a column and a half.

FIELD MARCHALL.

A CHARADE IN FOUR ACTS.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE. The Back-Parlour at Mr. Wideside's.

(A council of war deliberating on the best means of conducting the Siege of Sebastopol.)

Polly Wideside (aged 18). Oh! I must be General Simpson. He is such an old love! See, I'll put on Aunt Carry's spectacles and a paper cocked hat, and take the greengrocer's umbrella—So! Just look at me sitting in the trenches!

[She rehearses the part with the greatest élan.]

John Wideside (her cousin, who takes in all the comic publications, and is learning to be severe).—I'm afraid, Polly, it would take an older woman than you to look that part properly.

Polly.—Oh, get along! You go and be General Della Marmora.

Lizzy Lonsdale (in a tall, sugar-loaf cap, accurately representing the uniform of GENERAL PELISSIER).—I'm dressing him, dear! There! and with those two peacock's feathers in his hat, he looks the very image of one of those Sardinian—whatever their name is!

Tommy Wideside (aged 10, on a three-and-sixpenny charger,* personifying the Allied cavalry generally).—The Besaglieri, of course. Not remember an easy word like that! Oh, you Whiskey!

Polly.—Tommy, don't be rude, or you shall only look on. (Tommy is

* N.B.—Tommy is the authority on all matters of military history, discipline, and counter-mutiny. There is a Tommy in most large landings.

owed, and manoeuvres his steed in a private corner.) Now, do you know your parts?

All.—Oh, yes!
Polly.—Then let's go in—but, stop! We haven't agreed what is to be Sebastopol. We can't make it the piano—because Nelly Crashington is playing Juilliard's Quadrilles—it won't do to besiege her. The big sofa is full of old ladies—

Enter the illustrious Mr. Wiggins, in a post-chaise mask, with the hearse, and a horse (if a coadjutor with could his waist, from which he is suspended a wonderful pair of lungs).

Wiggins.—Is his name Wiggins?—Here we are!

Polly.—Oh, yes, horror! What are you?

Wiggins.—I'm Sebastopol!

Lizzy Lonsdale (looking on in the severe line).—I think, Wiggins, you needn't have gone to the expense of that mask to look like a regular object!

Wiggins.—But, don't you see the joke?

All (unwisely expected).—No!

Wiggins. (who has paid five shillings at a masquerade warehouse for opportunity, and is determined not to lose it).—Don't you understand? I've got such a big head, and when you look at me see-out of poll.—Lizzy Lonsdale.—Oh, how good!

John Wideside (approaching in her ear).—Wiggins is clever.

Lizzy Lonsdale (dressing leisurely for Colonel Windham in the 2nd Act).—But what's the hearth-broom for?

Wiggins.—The *cheur de frise*, of course. (Laughing.)

Polly.—There, never mind his rubbish. Come on! Rear rank! take open order! March!

Tommy.—Oh—a deal you know about it. As if a general would say that.

Polly.—Now, Tommy, you just be the cavalry properly—or you shall go to bed. Come on!

[The exhibition marches on to the drawing-room in the following order.—1. WAGGINS, as SEBASTOPOL (received with enthusiasm, and amazed at perplexity as to his purpose). 2. POLLY, as GENERAL SIMPSON, jouncing her notion of the character on her recollections of the last Christmas Pantomimes. 3. LIZZY, as GENERAL PELISSIER, and JOHN, as DELLA MARMORA, (delighting the French and Sardinian allies in unnecessary pompously). 4. The Allied forces generally, bearing banners, banners, and other warlike insignia, including a placard of "Haste to the Poll" (another device of WAGGINS's, in allusion to the last syllable of the beleaguered city). 5. TOMMY, caroling splendidly, and making quite a sensation as he enters. 6. GAYTERS, JAM, and SUSAN, the domestics, representing the astonished Crim War population, by peeping in at the door and wondering what it is all about.]

ACT I.

Sebastopol stands at one end of the room, threatening and immovable. The Allied Generals (France and Sardinia stick much closer together than is warranted by the exigencies of the scene) come forward and reconnoitre. The Cavalry performs various evolutions (anxiously supported by Clara Mildmay, representing "the Staff," who is afraid he will tumble. The Generals consult, make warlike and unfinching gestures, and express, in a general way, their determination to take the

FIELD!

ACT II.

Nelly Crashington makes terrible noises on the piano (founded on the Battle of Prague), representing a bombardment and threatened attack. Wiggins, as Sebastopol, goes through comic business, imitative (albeit obscurely) of that citadel tottering on its foundation. The cavalry (Tommy) charges the beleaguered city on his own hook, but is repulsed—his horse shot under him. Great success of Tommy in attending to his wounded charger (secret misgivings of Aunt Carry on the sofa, as to the probability of that boy growing up a play-actor yet). Enter the Allied armies—led on by Generals Pelissier and Della Marmora (surely France cannot need so much support from the feeble arm of Sardinia?), Colonel Windham cheering on the British forces. They are repulsed by Sebastopol (enormous amount of inexplicable allegory on the part of Wiggins). Russian troops in flat paper caps (modelled, by particular desire, by the pastrycook's man). Enter General Simpson in great trepidation. Triumphant comic business on the part of Polly, who hides under a round table, drawing her cloak over her head in the most natural manner. Colonel Windham comes to ask for reinforcements. General Simpson appears to have no idea whatever on the subject. Disgust of Windham, who indicates graphically that the ineptitude of his superior will everything

MARCH!

ACT III.

The bombardment continues. The allied chiefs (with the exception of General Simpson, who convulses the audience by putting on a cotton nightcap and going to sleep under the table) come forward expressing temporary discontent, but in invincible determination. They grasp hands (it is true that John Wideside grasps Lizzy Lonsdale's hand more fervently and continuously than General Della Marmora can be supposed ever to have grasped that of Marshal Pelissier) and shake their hats at the beleaguered Wiggins. (The latter conducts himself in a generally funny manner—but a key is still waiting to his movements.) They declare that the fortress shall fall. In a burst of simultaneous pantomime (accompanied by Cries of the Wounded from Nelly Crashington on the piano) they give the audience to understand once for all that it

SHALL!!!

ACT IV.

The attack is renewed with unexampled vigour. Sebastopol Wiggins totters about dreadfully. (Suspicious on the part of Aunt Carry as to where Mr. Wiggins has been dining.) Sofa pillows, toilet covers, and other terrible missiles fly about in all directions. An attempt is made to send Wiggins with a what-not. Horror! it does not reach up to his shoulder! Clara Mildmay is taken prisoner and locked in the granite arms of Sebastopol, who refuses to let her go. (This incident not having been rehearsed, the terrors of the scene are vastly augmented by the genuine screams of Clara.) The allies gain ground. Tommy (who has suddenly gone into the infantry) carries and holds a fortified position on the left wing of the sofa. (Panic among the old lady population, who evacuate the territory with bag and baggage.) The Russians in paper caps are mercilessly put to the walking stick and silk umbrella. Sebastopol totters more than ever, and is evidently about to fall. (Episode of Aunt Carry calling in Gayters to assist Mr. Wiggins, for she is sure he needs it.) As a grand climax, Tommy (inexplicably exchanged, a second time, into the artillery) lets off a cracker immediately in the rear of Sebastopol. WAGGINS IS BLOWN UP! and falls prostrate on the floor a HEAP OF BLOOD-STAINED RUINS! The flags of England, France, and Sardinia (the arms of the standard-bearers of the last two countries have got somehow entangled) wave over the conquered city. Tommy prances about on his horse (miraculously recovered); Nelly Crashington plays a triumphant *mélange* of martial music, embracing *God save the Queen*, *Po-tant pour la Syrie*, the *Sardinian Hymn*, and *Vilkins and his Ditch*, merging into a stirring version of *Pop goes the Weasel*, during which performance—

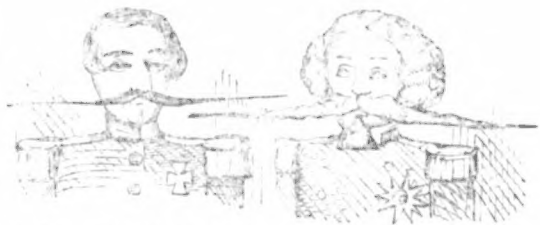
Enter FAME.

Her wings are composed of paper kites (kindly contributed by that distinguished cavalry-infantry-artillery officer, Tommy); her wreath is of laurel, stolen from the Christmas-tree in the supper-room; her trumpet is the cornet-a-piston of John Wideside (alias General Marmora) upon which she is fortunately unable to make as much noise as is the owner of the instrument. She awards prizes to the various heroes of the siege. Having disoed of the French and Sardinian interests (more closely united than ever), she is about to compensate the British heroes. To the astonishment of everybody, General Simpson gets up from under the table and claims the first prize. Fame, seeing no help for it, presents him with a haton, and the drama closes on a tableau of General Simpson being made

FIELD-MARCHALL!!!!

KNOTS AND QUEERIES.

TO BE UNRAVELLED OR CUT AS THE READER CHOOSES.



Of what particular feature in the present state of European Diplomacy, or the allied countenances of the above popular monarchs suggestive?



What charge would you bring against this dish in a Police Court?



Why should you be very careful how you let this man off?



This naughty boy, (and he was very naughty), was stolen by eagles, and educated with the family. In what way was he punished for his misconduct?



How do these rival Greek Philosophers illustrate the principle of what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander?



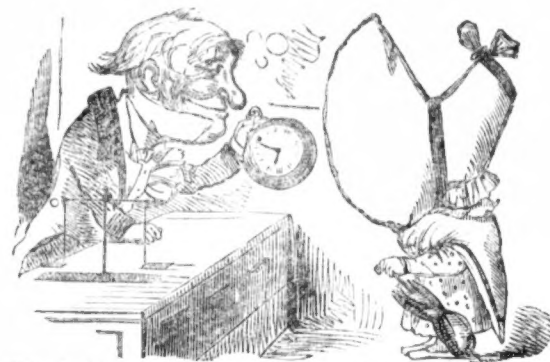
Why ought this policeman to be lenient to offenders against Temperance?



Why is the sailor on the edge of the cliff in a perilous position?



What popular character does this medieval personage resemble?



Why is this watchmaker, who buys old-fashioned watches by Troy weight, like a greengrocer?



Why might this giant be mistaken for his father?



What sort of a queen would you call her if you met her?



If you wished to imitate this gentleman on the stage, why would you choose the present season for doing it?

(The above momentous Questions will be satisfactorily cleared up in our next Number.)

CHARADE FOR A RECENT ANNIVERSARY.

I.

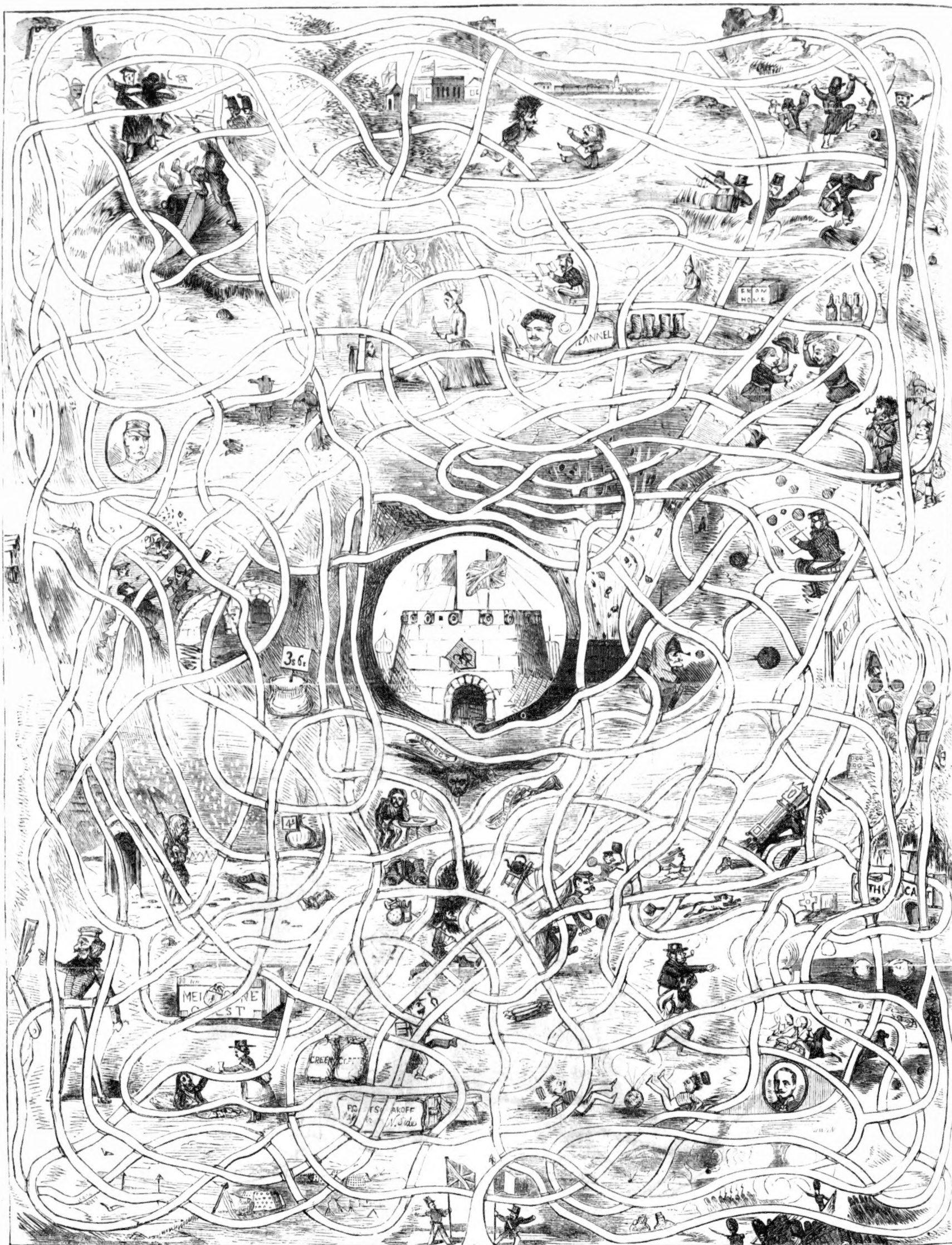
A mighty prince, lord of a million serfs,
Conceive—himself a despot's gilded slave—
Accumulated over flow'r-bespangled turfs,
Blue hills, and rocks that in the ocean lave,
For leagues around his stronghold's towers to gaze;
Nor note a living thing but bends in awe
To his dread mandate;—in the distant haze
He sees an armed host come to defy
His master's law; as feels the eagle when
A flock of daws darken the distant sky,
Wending towards his solitary den,
Scarce angry—save that he must stoop to fly
At an ignoble foe—he calls his men
To sweep into MY FIRST the noxious enemy.

II.

As to a course, or gladiatorial show,
The ladies of his savage court he leads,
To watch the sport upon the plains below.
Of mowing down the ill-star'd human weeds
That on his grounds have stray'd—a task too light
For serious rocking—'tis but flogging hounds!
Nay—brushing goats at best!—a merry sight
'Twill be—no more!—Hark! now the cannon sounds!
The pigmy trespassers have dared to meet
The countless giants, their opposers. Lo!
They clash—they grapple—so! what! not yet beat?
On, inch by inch, they come—confusion! woe!
The day is theirs! The heroes wild retreat;
Of Britons and of Franks MY SECOND now they know.

III.

A noble day! a day of promise fair!
A day of dawn for Freedom's glorious sun!
Whose rays of triumph with effulgent glare
Shall daze the world before the year is done!
A day to rank with that of Runnymede,
With that of Naseby, or of Ivry fought,
With that of peaceful victory when freed
We saw our commerce, and the loaf was bought;
With Cromwell's birthday, and with Hampden's death,
When the Third William touch'd the British shore,
When Spartan Washington threw by the sheath—
With these, and dates I may not number o'er,
That mark the heavings of great Freedom's breath,
Shrin'd in my WHOLE, this day shall rank for evermore.



THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—(AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS GAME.)

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The above maze is to be regarded in the light of a mosaic pavement, inlaid with designs representing the principal incidents in the Crimean campaign, leading up to the capture of Sebastopol. The entrance is at the foot, and the roads go under and over the bridges thus:—



The reader, on finding his way to the centre, will discover that he has

traversed incidents represented in the exact chronological order of their actual occurrence. A knowledge of the history of the present war will therefore materially assist him in his efforts.

Here our hints as to the solution of the mystery must stop. The reader may think he has an easy task before him with the directions we have given him. But we should be equally untrue to the causes of art and of history if we represented Sebastopol as an easy place to get into. It is not to be carried by a *coup de main*. The visitor must make up his mind to a long campaign, consisting of the most laborious field operations and the heaviest trench work, in which he will meet with many repulses. However, with patience he will triumph at last. By the way, we can tell him

one thing (in confidence) which may materially shorten his labours. If the Allied troops, and their directors, had taken the same course as he will have to pursue, to obtain possession of Sebastopol, there would have been no occasion for the campaign of last winter.

[A complete explanation will be given in the next number.]

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